

Mr. H. S. a retired sergeant of the San Francisco Police Department, was born and raised in the town of Hemmel, Denmark, of parents ~~whose~~ ^{gained their} ~~means~~ ^{from} of livelihood ~~was~~ the sea.

His father, ~~being~~ a fisherman of moderate circumstances, owning and operating a fishing boat ~~in conjunction~~ ^{the aid of} with his brother.

This brother ~~being~~ ^{was} ~~lanced~~ ^{was} to death, during the German-Danish War, by a German Uhlan, ^{and} left Mr. H. S.'s father the sole owner of the boat.

Mr. H. S. does not remember, very clearly the days of his early childhood, except that his father's return from a fishing trip, was always a gala day in his home, ^{for} those trips invariably ~~taking~~ ^{were} from three to six weeks.

← ~~Being~~ ~~Born~~ and raised amid such surroundings it was quite natural, that, as his eyes scanned the horizon, a yearning was born in him, ~~to~~ see and explore, what lay beyond the range of his vision.

This longing grew hourly and ~~day~~ daily until finally it reached its climax, when he was approximately fourteen years of age.

Being a tall, husky boy, out-door raised,

he appeared several years older, than his actual age, therefore, when a tramp sailing ship ~~came~~ came into port for supplies, and remained several days, Mr. H. S. took the opportunity of becoming acquainted with several members of the crew.

Hearing from them, that the ship was sailing short handed, and that the Captain could use several men, also, receiving the information that the owner of the ship, had no definite home port, although he flew the Danish flag, but circled the world in his quest for business, Mr. H. P.'s blood became charged, as with fire, and the desire to be on that ship gripped him.

The evening before the ship sailed, he lay quietly abed, until all the members of his family had fallen asleep, then ^{he} carefully and quietly packing his belongings ~~and~~ sneaked out of his home.

Being wise in the ways of sailors and ships, he knew that the members of the crew would have a farewell celebration before sailing, and knowing the most likely places, where they could be found, ~~he~~ wasted no time ~~and~~ contacted the first mate of the ship, ~~and~~ ^{was} signed on as an

apprentice and was duly quartered aboard ship.

Very early the following morning, the ship sailed, with Mr. H. P. being a proud member of the crew, but fearful until the last minute that his family would notice his absence, and force him to return home, ~~but~~ ^{however,} Nothing untoward happened, and his eyes beheld the foreign coast of England for the first time about a week later.

From then on, it was nothing else but work, day and night. ~~They were~~ ^{they were} becalmed at one time for nine weeks in the South Seas; several members of the crew ~~dying~~ ^{died} from scurvy; finally the ~~weak~~ wind arose and they were able to proceed to the nearest port to replenish their supply of water and food.

During Mr. H. P.'s career on the sea, he touched nearly every port in the world, but finally came to the realization, that ^{in this manner} he would never make anything of himself, ~~but that~~ ^{his} chances out of ten, when his term of usefulness was over, would ^{be forced to} finish the rest of his days in some sailor's institution or other, if he did not drown before that.

Finally when the ship sailed into San

Francisco harbor, and ^{since} his time of service with the ship ^{was} ~~being~~ ended, he decided to remain in this city. →

Being unfit for any kind of shore duty, he had rather a difficult time in the beginning but ~~being~~ determined to remain on land, ^{and} to forget the sea, he finally was successful and entered the San Francisco Police Department.

After several years on the force, he met and married a young lady of Swedish extraction, and through her thriftiness was able to save and ^{purchase} some property on Russian Hill; ^{he} also ~~building~~ a home and several flats. →

During the fire of 1906, they were burned out, but ^{were} ~~was~~ fortunate in receiving eight thousand dollars from an insurance company to repay him partly for his loss. →

Upon receiving the money, he wrapped it in newspaper and burlap sacks, burying it, on the site of his burned home, worrying and watching over it, until order was restored, after the chaos of that terrible disaster.

During his term as active officer, Mr. H. P., was detailed to the Skintown squad, at the time ~~when~~ "Hatchet Men", "High binders" and other

Chinese Murder Societies were in the heyday of their existence, ~~having~~ ^{being} hardly any interference from ~~the~~ ^{organized} law, ~~on account of the lack of~~ ^{adequate information and definite knowledge} of the secret passages and hidden chambers of that particular section of the city.

The officer on duty would hear a sudden scuffle, a pattering of slippered feet - then, one or two forms lying lifeless on a blood stained street - no sign or trace of the assassin - the guileless faces of the Chinese being questioned were inscrutable, life was cheap, so why bother with giving information - that murder would be repaid in full, by some member of the slain man's family, and justice, according to their standards, would be satisfied.

Therefore, this detail, was one of eternal vigilance, and continuous mental alertness, and the men chosen, were the pick of the department; men who could see, hear, and patiently wait before acting until the evidence was complete - then with quick, sudden precision, ~~throwing~~ ^{dropping} the net.

In many instances, although careful, they were not quick enough - a sibilant whispering and Chinatown's invisible grapevine telephone

warned the wanted man a man, a few seconds before their imminent capture. ~~The~~ result weeks of quiet but strenuous efforts gone for naught and the same work having to be done over again.

Little by little, the police gained the upper hand - an unexpected raid - a secret door forgotten in their hasty flight, and another hidden tunnel or dive exposed - to be carefully noted and kept on file for possible future emergencies. ~~until~~ ^{to} day after years of studied effort, Chinatown is practically an open book to the department, the chief men and members of the various ^{are} ~~longs~~ well known and under control, and are assisting the department in the prevention of hostilities between ~~its~~ various ~~longs~~, by arbitration, thus settling their differences in a peaceable manner.

Mr. H. S. thoroughly enjoyed this detail, and by his straightforwardness, friendly and agreeable manner, secured the friendship and good will of many Chinese men and woman.

Another detail Mr. H. S. was assigned to, was the North Beach section, this was in the days when the "Gowty Strong Gang" were at their height of power. Mr. H. S. was one of the men responsible for the disrupting of this hoodlums organization - another story of

$$\begin{array}{r}
 37 \\
 \times 10 \\
 \hline
 370 \\
 74 \\
 \hline
 740
 \end{array}$$

desperate fights, murders, and wanton peace disturbances.

After the fire, Mr. H. P. rebuilt his home and the flats, also purchased a large piece of property in Marin County.

He is the father of three grandchildren - two girls and one boy; ~~and~~ he is mighty proud of that boy ~~who~~ ~~he~~ is following his father's footsteps in the Police Department, even to ~~the~~ wearing ~~of~~ the same star and number Mr. H. P. had when he was a non commissioned officer.

No day, Mr. H. P. is enjoying the fruits of his hazardous and interesting life, by peacefully putting around the garden of his home, ~~rememscing~~ ~~with~~ his old Promies; ~~but~~ ~~the~~ happiest, when his grandchildren are visiting him.

~~This biography was written by~~
~~Hugo Hamelly~~

Oscar

Denmark

24/10

Born on the Island of Funen in 1879.

His father was a Physician - as was also his Grandfather.

Oscar was the oldest of five children & his early education was mapped out for him by his father, to fit him for the Medical profession.

Oscar was very studious & in 1899 his health broke down. His father sent him to visit his uncle who owned a cattle ranch in Oregon.

After two years roughing it he recovered his health & came to San Francisco to finish his Medical education. He attended the P.C. Medical College & specialized in surgery.

In 1905 he graduated & started to practice as assistant to one of San Francisco's best known surgeons, where he had opportunity for much experience.

In 1912 he fell from the ~~elder~~ physician's practice as he died after being injured in an auto accident.

Most of his work was in the hospitals & he fell in love with a nurse & they were married in 1916. Two children have since been born to them.

He continues his surgical work & is considered one of the best in the country. Now confines all his work to surgery.

Robt Grubb

H. M. Parker.

~~Descriptive Survey~~

To

Danes of

Professor Paul Radin.

Alameda County.

Native Country - Denmark

Occupation in Native Country - Agriculture and Stock Raising.

Reasons for Leaving Native Land. - To better financial conditions with better prospects of building up fortunes.

Living Conditions in Native Land - Good, semi modern homes with plenty of good food and clothing. Any grain raised was not sold but was fed to live-stock which in turn was marketed.

Educational System in Native Land - Compulsory education for all between the ages of seven and fourteen years of age, free public schools up to and including high school.

Political System in Native Country - Kingdom.

Courts in Native Country - All Court Judges educated for that post and before being appointed for a life time position were required to qualify and pass a severe examination, and any person who tried to tamper with the courts received long term prison sentences, usually a life sentence.

Taxation System in Native Land - Taxes, very high and the bulk of taxation was placed on land, buildings and personal earnings.

Old Age Pensions in Native Land - An old age pension system was established about 1860, and all dependent aged persons are well taken care of.

Military Service in Native Land - Compulsory military service of about one and one half years between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years of age.

Arts and Crafts - Noted writers

Occupations in U. S. - Store-keepers, farmers and various skilled trades.

Type or Class of Citizen - Thrifty, home loving, honest and in fact one of the highest type of citizen we have.

94

1

to begin his trade.

At this time an opportunity presented itself with an English shipbuilding firm in Liverpool, and he accepted. This was a job in the pattern shop. Being alone and unacquainted, the expenses were small, and with the money he was now receiving he was able to buy some books and also take private lessons in English and ~~also~~ a course in mechanics.

He stayed with this concern about 9 years and then took a position as inspector aboard ship sailing between Liverpool and New York.

This was the beginning of his desire to become an American citizen. On landing in Liverpool he got very little of sleep and he could get some of it in walking around the city and studying American life. His next vacation he spent on the coast of the Atlantic taking a trip as far west as Chicago, and this trip was what started his fortune.

He returned to the boat only to
get a little more money and then
he would come to stay.

Two and a half years later he resigned
his position, obtained a job in New
York applied for citizenship papers
and started out to become a full paid
American citizen.

His early training being very thorough,
it was not long before he was advancing
the forwarding of the large pattern shop
in which he had obtained work. His
position paid well and he was able
to save some real money.

This ambition was to get out from
for himself, and then he was able to
do after about four years of hard work
and saving.

When the time arrived he decided to
come to the Pacific Coast. His family
arrived in San Francisco and then he
went to work with the same firm.

has since ~~not~~ to stay in one
job but in short time or tented he was
able to locate another for the month
enable him to get acquainted with
new concerns requiring further reaching.

Thus he continued along for about 3
years. By this time he had succeeded
in overcoming the foreign accent and
was perfectly familiar with American
business methods.

With his capital of about \$1000
he set up a small pattern shop and
personally solicited business from former
employees, others. He had come in contact
with and by advertising.

At first ~~the business~~ he was unable to
obtain ~~he could~~ take care of ^{the business} himself by
working in the shop night but it was
not long until he needed help. He
gradually built up his shop until
he had four men employed and was
making a little money.

Then came the world war and
business boomed. Business was found
in even without solicitation or advertising,
in such quantities he was unable to
take care of it all. Business skyrocketed
and the interest increased and was limited
only by his ability in securing further
makers to do the work.

This continued throughout the war
and by the time the armistice was
signed he was in a position to set
~~up his own business~~

Plus he did not do that but continued
to operate the business profitably but
on a much smaller scale.

He is married, has two children and
is living in the town where he was born.
A small farm in the town. He has
a very He is a good businessman
and a very He is a good businessman.
He is a very He is a good businessman.
He is a very He is a good businessman.

~~RACE: DANISH~~

~~SEX: MALE~~

~~AGE: 57 YEARS~~

1465
Mr. X, ~~who was~~ the youngest of four boys and ~~with one sister~~
~~younger than he~~, was born on the Island of Lungland, Denmark. His
parents operated a small dairy farm on the Island of Lungland,
~~the island being~~ but four miles long. To reach the mainland from
the island Mr. X's family would have to row a boat across the water
in the summer, and in the winter they could either skate across or
drive across on the ice in a horse and sleigh.

Then Mr. X was quite young his father died and he and his
brothers had to operate the dairy farm. ~~One of Mr. X's brothers~~
came to America when Mr. X was about eleven years old. When Mr. X
was fourteen years old a friend of his father, who had a dairy ranch
in Marin County, in California, sent for Mr. X to come to America. Mr. X
was glad of the chance to come to America and California before he
~~would arrive~~ at the age ~~where~~ he would have to serve in the army.
Mr. X sailed from Copenhagen and the boat stopped at Stockholm, Sweden,
~~where the boat had~~ trouble with its machinery. After being in Stock-
holm for two days the boat continued on to New York City. Mr. X did
~~not have but~~ a small amount of money and his ticket only ~~called for~~
steerage passage. During the trip across the Atlantic the boat ran
into a storm, and for four days the passengers were locked inside the
boat. Arriving at New York City Mr. X ~~was put on~~ a train ~~coming to~~
San Francisco, California. On arriving at San Francisco Mr. X went
direct to his friends dairy ranch in Marin County, where he went to
work as a dairy hand at a salary of twelve dollars a month. After
~~Mr. X~~ had worked on this dairy ranch for over a year he began to pick

~~pick~~ up the English language and ~~begin~~ to get acquainted with
 others from Denmark, ~~and~~ it did not take long after that ~~for Mr. X~~
 to ~~find out~~ that his friend was working him at a Danish rate of pay.
 Mr. X had no expense but his clothes and all ~~they~~ ^{the cost of} ever wore around
 the dairy ranch was overalls, which at that time only ~~cost~~ ^{was} fifty
 cents a pair, and Mr. X saved most all of his money, ~~so~~ ^{II W} when he had
 worked for his friend a year and a half he quit and went up to
 Humboldt County ~~where~~ he leased a small dairy ranch about twelve
 miles above Arcata. After operating this ranch about three years
 Mr. X sold out and leased another ranch near Arcata that was larger
 than the one he first had. ~~Mr. X~~ operated this dairy ranch for some
 time and made money so he sold ~~this ranch~~ out and leased a larger
 dairy ranch, near Arcata, where he had about eighty head of cattle.
 After leasing this larger ranch Mr. X got married. ~~From this mar-~~
 riage four children were born, two boys and two girls. Mr. X con-
 tinued in the dairy ranch business, ~~and~~ raised and educated his
 children. The children are all grown, the girls remaining on the
 ranch with their parents and the two boys ~~came to~~ San Francisco,
 where one boy is in business for himself and the other ~~boy is~~ en-
^{by}ployed ~~with~~ the street car company.

Mr. X makes a number of trips to San Francisco from Arcata,
~~where~~ he visits with his sons and other relatives ~~he has living~~
 in the bay district. All of Mr. X's immediate relatives came to
 California from Denmark and live in the San Francisco Bay dist-
 rict.

Harry E. Loh

RACE: DANISH

SEX: FEMALE

AGE: 56 YEARS

Mrs. X was born on a small farm near the city of Copenhagen, Denmark. She was the youngest child of a family of four children and the only daughter born to her parents. Mrs. X was raised, with her three brothers, on a small truck farm operated by her parents until the death of her father, who died while she was quite young. After her father's death Mrs. X went to live with her aunt, who lived on a nearby farm. When Mrs. X's brothers became of age they gave up the farm and all went to America and settled on farms near Arcata, California. Mrs. X's mother went to live with ~~her father~~ *her father on the farm* and lived. Mrs. X remained on this small farm with her mother and her aunt, until her mother died. After her mother died Mrs. X's brothers in America sent her money to come to America. Mrs. X, who was only eighteen years of age, at this time, booked passage on a steamer at Copenhagen, Denmark, for New York City. On her arrival ~~at~~ *in* New York City Mrs. X went by train direct to San Francisco, California. On her arrival in San Francisco ~~Mrs. X~~ went to stay with friends of her brothers. Mrs. X, with the help of her friends went to look for work. Mrs. X did not know how to do any kind of work except housework, so after a short time ~~Mrs. X~~ secured a position as housekeeper for a very nice family. Mrs. X while working as housekeeper, became acquainted with a young man from Switzerland. After ~~Mrs. X~~ had known ~~this young man~~ for some time they decided that they would marry. When Mrs. X was twenty-two years of age she married. From this marriage two children were born, one child, who ~~was~~ the first born, was a girl and the other child a boy. Mrs. X and her husband,

(2)

~~was~~
who ~~had~~ a position ~~as~~ a shipping clerk, lived in San Francisco until the year of the big earthquake, in 1906. After the earthquake Mrs. X and her husband moved to Alameda, as Mrs. X was ~~afraid~~ of earthquakes and was afraid to live in San Francisco any longer. ~~Mrs. X~~ educated her children in ^{the} Alameda public schools and then gave them special college courses. Mrs. X's daughter has ~~now~~ been in the employ of a large insurance company for several years as a private secretary, and the boy is a graduate civil engineer and is doing quite well in this line of work.

~~Mrs. X and her husband~~ own their own home in Alameda and ~~Mrs. X's husband~~ manages to keep working right along. Mrs. X is very contented ~~as~~ she has her own home ^{and} her children ^{are} with her and the joy of having her brothers and their families visit with her a number of times each year.

RACE: DANISH.

SEX: MALE.

AGE: 34 YEARS.

2380
Mr. X was the youngest of three sons born and raised on a small farm in the southern part of Denmark, near the German border line. This part of Denmark was formerly in the possession of Germany. Mr. X's two brothers ~~emigrated~~ migrated to America and settled in Humboldt County, near the town of Arcata, where they took up dairying.

Mr. X stayed at home with his parents and helped run the small farm. ~~His~~ father died and there was no one on the little farm but Mr. X and his mother. When the World War broke out Mr. X was almost fourteen years of age. ~~It~~ was not long after the World War that Germany invaded the country ~~around~~ ^{the} where Mr. X lived. One day the German soldiers advanced through the ~~country where Mr. X and his mother had their little farm.~~ ^{section in which was} The German soldiers took possession of everything on the farm and drove the cow and four pigs, the only live stock on the farm, away with them. Mr. X, then only fourteen years of age, was put in a wagon ^X with others from various farms, and sent to a German camp to be trained as ^g soldiers. ^{JP} Mr. X's first training was at a prison camp, ^{guarding} ~~teaching~~ prisoners. After ~~he~~ ^{he} was trained in the general routine of a soldier he was sent to the front with a regiment. ~~After~~ ^{After} reaching the front lines ~~where the fighting was going on~~ it was not long before ~~he~~ ^{he} saw action on the battle fields. ~~Mr. X's~~ ^{he} regiment was assigned a certain territory in the front lines, and early one evening the order was given for Mr. X's regiment to advance. This was the first actual ^{combat} ~~experience~~ that ~~Mr. X~~ ^{he} had experienced. ^P He did not know it but he was advancing against French negro troops from Africa. ~~Mr. X~~ ^{he} Being a young boy and coming from a part of the country where they had never seen a negro, Mr. X could not understand these strange people

and their strange methods of fighting. ^{Here} ~~Mr. X's~~ regiment charged forward, ~~these~~ negro troops charged also and came at Mr. X's regiment with large knives held in their mouths. These negro soldiers seemed to have only one thought and that was to cut off the heads of their enemy with these large knives they carried in their mouths. Mr. X was captured in this his first battle, and was only saved from having his head cut off by one of the negroes when a French officer who happened to be near ~~Mr. X~~ at the time, stopped the negro from using his knife on Mr. X, but not before Mr. X had already received a wound from the knife which split open the end of ~~Mr. X's~~ thumb.

~~Mr. X~~ was marched with other German prisoners, ~~after his capture,~~ ^{He} ~~back~~ behind the French lines and then taken to a prison camp. ~~Mr. X~~ almost starved at this prison camp ~~as~~ they had very little to eat. The conditions under which the prisoners had to live were almost unbearable. The vermin in this camp ~~was~~ ^{was} so bad that all the prisoners were overrun with lice. The lice ~~got~~ ^{were} so thick in Mr. X's hair that they ate into the scalp and left bald spots on different parts of his head, ^{on which} ~~and~~ the hair will never grow ^{again} ~~on these spots~~ again.

^{He} After the war was over, and Mr. X was released, ~~he~~ ^{he} was sent home. ~~Mr. X~~ arrived back at his old home on the little farm, still practically only a boy, but with all the horrible experiences of war crammed into his thoughts, only to find that his mother had died while he was away. ~~Mr. X~~ then wrote a letter to his brothers in America, and the brothers sent Mr. X money to pay his fare, ^{and that's all} ~~so~~ he could come to America and live with them. As soon as ~~Mr. X~~ received the money from his brothers ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ America, Mr. X sailed on the first boat that he could arrange transportation ~~on~~. On arriving in America ~~Mr. X~~ ^{he} went by train direct to his brothers near Arcata, ~~X~~ California. On ar-

riving in Arcata, Mr. X lived with his two brothers on their dairy
 ranch and learned the dairying business from ~~his~~ ^{them} brothers. ~~Mr. X's~~ ^{his}
 brothers also taught him enough English ^{to get him to} ~~so that he could~~ get along
 in business. ~~Mr. X~~ ^{With} the help of his brothers, ~~got~~ ^{got} along very well
 in the dairy business. Mr. X saved his money, and when he thought
 that he was able to support a home he married a young lady ~~that~~ ^{who}
 lived in the community. ~~Mr. X~~ ^{He} then thought that he would go into
 business for himself, so he leased a dairy ranch and has been able
 to operate the ranch successfully. Mr. X now has two small children,
 one a boy and the other a girl. ~~Mr. X~~ ^{He} on occasions, ~~makes~~ ^{he} a trip to
 San Francisco, but only when it is necessary on business.

Henry L. Loh

RACE: DANISH.

SEX: MALE.

AGE: 51 YEARS.

Mr. X was born in the City of Copenhagen, Denmark, ~~being~~ the youngest of three boys. ~~Mr. X~~ remained home with his parents and brothers until he was about fourteen years of age. As soon as ~~Mr. X~~ was old enough he attended school and in his spare moments helped his father, who operated a clothing store in Copenhagen. Mr. X and his two brothers helped their father in the clothing store and their father taught them ~~all~~ the clothing business.

Mr. X had an uncle who had come to America and had settled in Arcata, California, where he operated a clothing store. Mr. X when about fourteen years of age decided that he would like to come to America and help his uncle in his store ~~as~~ his father had ~~his~~ two older brothers to help him in the store. ~~Mr. X's~~ father consented to let ~~Mr. X~~ come to America and live with his uncle. ~~Mr. X was~~ provided transportation by ~~his father~~ and came to America. On arriving in New York City Mr. X boarded a train for San Francisco, ~~where~~ his uncle met him. ~~Mr. X and his uncle~~ boarded the first boat for Eureka, California, ~~as~~ there was no trains running to Eureka at that time. On arriving in Eureka Mr. X and his uncle were taken ashore ~~from the boat with other passengers~~ on a barge. From Eureka Mr. X and his uncle drove by horse and buggy to Arcata, California.

Mr. X worked for his uncle in his store and his uncle ~~was~~ teaching him ~~how~~ to speak English. After Mr. X became familiar with American ways he became interested ~~with~~ the tales about gold mining. ~~Mr. X~~ saved his money and one day he decided ~~he~~

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[illegible]

Mr. A. J. ... for the ... and his ... was ...
... his ... after ...
... he became interested with the ... about ...
... his money ...

Mr. X and his wife have one child, a daughter. Mr. X is now giving his daughter a college education, following her graduation from grammar and high schools.

Mr. X has been financially successful enough to retire but he still continues to operate a small dairy ranch to have something to occupy his time. Mr. X spends part of his time at the ranch and part of the time in Oakland, where his daughter is attending school.

Harvey E. Holt

...trip up in the mining country. Mr. X came to San
Francisco by boat from Mexico and after calling in a few friends
that had been around the mines...
Garson City, Nevada. On arriving in Garson City Mr. X found
the line was full of people and after waiting for some time
was not admitted to the mine until after a few days delay
in Garson City. He then went to the office of the
the mine. He was very busy and after a few days
with the territory he was waiting in line for a
to make some money in the silver business. Mr. X
silver and was a very good business and was able to save a con-
siderable amount of money. He decided that he would like to
money to come back to California and buy himself a small dairy
ranch. Mr. X was very happy to hear that and decided to
small dairy ranch. He was very happy to hear that and decided to
he was married to a young woman who was not very rich
ing for his uncle in the store. Mr. X was successful with the dai-
ranches and was very happy to hear that and decided to
and his wife have one child, a daughter. Mr. X is now
his wife is very happy to hear that and decided to
live in the small ranch and his wife is very happy to hear that
and has been very successful enough to retire but
he still continues to operate a small dairy ranch to keep some-
thing to come in time. His wife is very happy to hear that and
ranch and part of the time is in California where his business is in
ranch school.

Mr X was born July 5th 1855, in Nørre Vissing, Denmark, County of Skanderborg. His brother and two sisters were also born here, in a small place that had been the property of his mother's ^{relatives} for six generations. Mr X's father was a carpenter and contractor, and his mother had learned to be a seamstress, but had gone into service as a dairy maid. She worked at this until her marriage, after which she was just a housewife.

Mr X ~~started~~ school at the age of 5, and continued going until he was $9\frac{1}{2}$ years old. At that time the school ~~system~~ of Denmark was compulsory, and every child was compelled to take an examination given by the Lutheran ^{ministry} before he could quit school. In the case of Mr X, however, things were different. His father had joined up with a new religious sect, and his sons became the butt of ridicule for both the school-master and pupils. Mr X's father received permission to take his sons out of school providing he would teach them at home, and send them back for examinations. Mr X passed these examinations successfully in one year, and thereafter took up the serious problem of learning a trade.

For a number of years he worked with his father learning ~~the~~ carpentering. Later he was apprenticed out to a cabinet maker for two years; here he learned the finishing end of the trade. Apprentices of this period ^{got} worked nothing for their work, but were given room and board, and earned a little spending money by working over time and holidays.

2) Mr X's father became a convert to the Mormon religion in 1864, and came to America in 1876. Mr X and his wife came the following year. At that time Mormons were encouraged to come to Utah, and Zion as it is called by them, was pictured as the Promised Land.

Mr X and all the Mormon immigrants to Utah were thoroughly disillusioned, for on arriving there, they found a barren & looking place, a good deal of poverty, scarcity of food and things in general, wild & woolly. Mr X remembers a period of 4 months when they had only bread & milk, another stretch when meat was the main food. ~~They~~ No one actually starved to death, but they were very poor.

Mrs X. was born in Boring, Denmark. Her father died when she was 5 years old, and she was then adopted by a well to do neighboring farmer. Mrs X spent her childhood, and was duly confirmed at the age of 14, as was the custom and still is to a very great extent. A year later she ~~began working~~ ^{went to} in a nearby city, and during the next 8 years worked ~~as a~~ in a printing shop & at house-work, in an insane asylum and on a farm. Her last year of work was ^{stocking} in a factory. It is interesting to note that the piece-work plan was already in use in ^{or} factories.

3) Mrs X became a convert to the Mormon religion at the age of 20, much to the disgust of her brothers & sisters, as well as the family that had adopted her. She married Mr X at the age of 23 yrs, and left for America. She never again saw any of her relatives. She struggled along the old beaten paths, trying to raise a family and save enough to live independently in her old age. After the first few years as a Latter Day Saint, she ~~got~~ discouraged, for it is no easy matter to give 10% of your income to the Church. She gave up the idea of going to heaven along the Mormon route, and ~~forgot~~ didn't bother much about religion ~~after that~~. She died in 1933, after suffering 6 months from ^{an} internal cancer.

About the time Mr & Mrs X came to Utah polygamy had reached its highest peak. According to the Prophet Joseph Smith, it was a direct revelation to him from God. The male portion of the Mormons obeyed that command ~~right~~ to the letter. Many a bearded Romeo met the incoming trains of immigrants in the hopes of picking a young girl and coercing her into becoming Mrs 2nd, 3rd, 4th, or 5th. Polygamy caused a great deal of unhappiness, and Mr X remembers not one single case of those he knew, that worked out harmoniously. Mr X's father became a polygamist, but he did not.

Mr X settled in Ogden Valley and lived there about 30 years. Here his seven children were born. He made a fair living, doing carpenter work and running a small farm. He never made much of a success as a farmer. ~~In 1910~~ he moved to Ogden, where he still resides. He worked here at his trade until he became too old & infirm to carry on. He has at no time been very prosperous, not at any period ^{but} in extreme poverty. He is now 80 yrs old and ~~has~~ will, I think, be able to live on his small income unless some unforeseen misfortune overtakes him.

Mr X's family, four of whom ³ ~~are~~ living can be ~~classified~~ with the million struggling ones. They are average in health, education and most other respects. None of them are criminals, parasites nor politicians. None of them have been forced to ask for relief during this present depression, but of course no one can foretell the future.

DANISH

Mr. X __ was born July 5th, 1855, In Denmark near Skanderborg. His brother and two sisters were also born there, in a small place that had been the property of his mother's relatives for six generations. Mr. X __'s father was a carpenter and contractor. His mother had learned to be a seamstress, but had gone into service as a dairy maid. She worked at this until her marriage, after which she was just a housewife.

Mr. X __ started school at the age of five and continued until he was nine and a half. At that time, the school system of Denmark was compulsory and every child was compelled to take an examination given by the Lutheran minister before he could quit school. In the case of Mr. X __, however, things were different. His father had joined a new religious sect, and his sons became the butt of ridicule of both the schoolmaster and pupils. Mr. X __'s father received permission to take his sons out of school, providing he would teach them at home, and send them back for examinations. Mr. X __ passed these examinations successfully in one year, and thereafter took up the serious problem of learning a trade.

For a number of years he worked with his father learning carpentering. Later he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker for two years. Here he learned the finishing end of the trade.

Apprentices of the period got nothing for their work, but were given room and board and earned a little spending money by working overtime and holidays. Mr. X ___'s father became a convert to the Mormon religion in 1864 and came to America in 1876. Mr. X ___ and his wife came the following year. At that time, Mormons were encouraged to come to Utah; and Zion, as it is called by them, was pictured as the promised land.

Mr. X ___ and all Mormon immigrants to Utah were thoroughly disillusioned on arriving, for there they found a barren looking place, a good deal of poverty, scarcity of food, and things wild and wooly in general. Mr. X ___ remembers a period of four months when they had only bread and milk, and another stretch when meat was the main food. No one actually starved to death; but they were poor.

Mrs. X ___ was born in Boring, Denmark. Her father died when she was five years old, and she was then adopted by a well-to-do neighboring farmer. Here Mrs. X ___ spent her childhood, here, too, she was duly confirmed at the age of fourteen as was the custom, and as it still is to a very great extent. A year later she began working in a nearby city. During the next eight years she worked in a printing shop, at housework, in an insane asylum, and on a farm. Her last year of work was in a stocking factory. It is interesting to note that the piece-work plan was already in use in the factories. Mrs. X ___ became a convert to the Mormon religion at the age of twenty, much to the disgust of her brothers and sisters as well as the family that had

adopted her. She married Mr. X ___ at the age of twenty-three years, and left for America. She never again saw any of her relatives. She struggled along the old beaten paths, trying to raise a family and save enough to live independently in her old age. After the first few years as a Latter Day Saint, she got discouraged; for it is no easy matter to give ten per cent of your income to the church. She gave up the idea of going to heaven along the Mormon route, and didn't bother much about religion after that. She died in 1933 after suffering six months from an internal cancer.

About the time Mr. and Mrs. X ___ came to Utah, polygamy had reached its highest peak. According to the "Prophet", Joseph Smith, it was a direct revelation to him from God. The male portion of the Mormons obeyed that command right to the letter. Many a bearded Romeo met the incoming trains of immigrants, in hopes of picking a young girl and coercing her into becoming Mrs. second, third, fourth, or fifth. Polygamy caused a great deal of unhappiness, and Mr. X ___ remembers not one single case of those he knew that worked out harmoniously. Mr. X ___'s father became a polygamist, but he did not.

Mr. X ___ settled in Ogden Valley, and lived there about thirty years. Here his seven children were born. He made a fair living, doing carpenter work and running a small farm. He never made much of a success as a farmer. Then he moved to Ogden, where he still resides. He worked here at the carpenter trade, until he became too old and infirm to carry

on. He has at no time been very prosperous, nor at any period lived in extreme poverty. He is now eighty years old, and well. I think he will be able to live on his small income unless some unforeseen misfortune overtakes him.

Of Mr. X __'s family, the four still living, can be classified with the million struggling ones. They are average in health, education, and most other respects. None of them are criminals, parasites, or politicians. None of them have been forced to ask for relief during this present depression but, of course, no one can foretell the future.

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general
description of the project and its objectives.

2. The second part of the report describes the
methodology used in the study.

3. The third part of the report presents the
results of the study and discusses their implications.
4. The fourth part of the report concludes the study
and provides recommendations for future research.

Meyer Levin
VI.

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Mr. J. came from Denmark after the world war. He graduated a Denmark high school in 1902. From 1902 till the time he arrived in the U. S. he was working as a bookkeeper in a Denmark bank. He arrived ^{the U. S.} ~~there~~ together with a cousin with whom he was suppose to go together to Kansas to work for a relative of theirs. Mr. J. was working in Kansas till 1927 when he applied for admission to the University of Californian in Berkeley and was admitted June August 1928. He received his bachelors degree in Economics in 1932 and now he is working for his master's degree.

Meyer Levitan

Mr. S came from Denmark after the World War. He graduated a Denmark high school in 1903. From 1903 till the time he arrived in the U.S. he was working as a bookkeeper in a Denmark bank. He arrived in U.S. together with a cousin with whom he ~~was suppose to go together~~ to Kansas to work for a relative of theirs. Mr. S was working in Kansas till 1927 when he applied for admission to the University of California in Berkeley and was admitted in August 1928. He received his bachelor's degree in economics in 1932 and now he is working for his master's degree.

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

(Story of Aage Jensen)

Aage Jensen was born on the island of Laaland, off the coast of Jutland, Denmark, in 1899. Laaland was about a day's journey from Aarhus, second largest city in Denmark.

Aage's father, Niels Jensen, had gone to the island to accept a position in the public schools which had been tendered him upon the completion of his college course, which had fitted him for a teaching career. Soon after taking up his teaching, however, he suffered a nervous breakdown. Believing that a return to the mainland would facilitate recovery of his health, he went to Aarhus, with his family, to establish a home. This move occurred six months after the birth of Aage, which left him no recollections of Laaland.

The Jensen family lived on the third floor of a five-story, brick apartment building in Aarhus. This floor was shared with one other family. Five rooms comprised the living quarters. There were two bedrooms, living room, dining room and kitchen. The living room was known as the "fine" room, and was used only on special occasions, such as the entertaining of guests. In that room was the only upholstered furniture in the home--five oak chairs and a sofa. A round table stood in the center of the room. The dining room generally served as the living room, as well. Living as the family did on an upper floor, no yard was available. A narrow

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balcony, extending from the front of the building, afforded the only outside advantage.

Aage was the third child. He had two brothers and two sisters. His father was admirably adapted to the handling and training of children. He contributed everything possible toward the cultivation of a wholesome home atmosphere and an enlightened family group. Seldom did he allow an evening to pass without reading to the children. He particularly enjoyed reading from a Danish magazine to which he subscribed. Translated the name meant "Home Friend." Although his own children were foremost in his interest and attention, he frequently read and told stories to other children, especially boys, amongst whom, because of his position in the school, he had a wide acquaintance and influence. His devotion to his family was demonstrated when he resigned as president of an orphans' home, a position to which he had been appointed, under urging, by the city council of Aarhus. His resignation came after one year of service because he felt that those official duties were taking too much time from his home life.

Aage's mother gave full support to his father in all of his worthwhile endeavors to promote the welfare of the home. Having been married early, she helped to maintain the home by sewing while her husband attended college in preparation for his career. She was industrious and sacrificing almost to a fault. She performed many duties about the home rather than call upon the children to assist her.

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Following the evening meal, the boys usually gave a part of their time to drawing and sketching, while their father read the newspapers. The remaining time was given to preparing school lessons and reading. The mother and sisters devoted most of their spare time to needle work.

Aage began going to school when he was seven years old, which was the customary age for Danish children to begin their education. While attending school, Aage always wore wooden shoes. Leather shoes were worn only on Sunday and on special social occasions. In contrast to the one-room schoolhouses of the country districts, he went to a large two-story brick building which accommodated seven classes. The boys were grouped in one end of the classroom and the girls in the other. In addition to the common subjects taught in the grade schools of America, Bible study was a regular part of the curriculum. The study of religious subjects, however, were limited to two days of each week. The study of Danish history and the classic myths had the greatest appeal to Aage. His interest in Bible study came naturally from his father's strong religious trend. In fact, his father chose to instruct in religious subjects whenever and wherever he had the opportunity. All of the Jensen family were members of the State-supported Lutheran church.

Aage always carried his own lunch to school in order to avoid being classed among the large number of pupils who were generally looked upon as being partakers of charity. Dinners

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were provided at school without charge for all children whose parents' means were so limited that they were unable to furnish lunches from the home, or those upon whom it might work a hardship. To such pupils was served, on alternating days, a lunch at ten o'clock in the morning, and a more complete dinner at one o'clock in the afternoon. For the morning lunch, the children were usually given a bowl of milk with bread. At times, hot cakes were served. On the alternate day, the dinner commonly consisted of an entree of meat--beef or roast pork--baked potatoes, gravy and rice pudding. Even though the custom of providing food for the children of poor parents was traditional, and not indicative of marked social inferiority, nevertheless, the boy or girl who participated in the free meals at school was generally distinguished from that of a self-sustaining family by being referred to as one who "eats at school."

For those children who "ate at school", a civic organization in the city of Aarhus arranged summer "outings." In reality, these outings were no more than opportunities for the children to obtain employment, during the school vacation period, on the farms of outlying districts. The organization appealed to farmers, through advertisements, to take two children for the period of the summer vacation. In this manner, it was often made possible for a brother and a sister to remain together. Before the close of each term, the school authorities would determine what children would require vacation

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clothing. All needy children who applied were furnished clothes without cost. Railroad and steamship companies gave free transportation. The vacation period began June 1st and closed July 15th. These vacations were outings in so far as they afforded school children a change from their accustomed home environments, and opportunities to see more of their own country. The rail and boat trips were really thrilling experiences for the youngsters.

Living in the outskirts of the city, Aage and his companions were given plenty of room to play in a nearby field and in the streets. In the spring and summer, he flew kites and played with tops which he made himself. He joined other boys and girls in the game of hopscotch. One of his favorite pastimes was swimming in a bathhouse constructed over the ocean. It was unlike the modern swim tanks. It was just a crude structure built around a small area of sea water. For more rugged play, he took part in the gang battles between groups of boys from his own neighborhood and other sections of the city. The contests were waged with clubs, stones and whatever other weapons of offense were available and effective. Frequently, these engagements resulted in many casualties and often in serious injuries.

When a Danish school boy or girl was 11 years old, he or she was given a chance to choose between continuing their common school course, or attending an institution for special training. Because a student entering the latter type of

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school was required to pay tuition, and meet other expenses, the number leaving the free public schools was relatively small.

Aage decided upon a four-year course in a middle school, as they were commonly called. In America, the nearest approach to these middle schools are the junior highs. In the middle school, Aage acquired some knowledge of higher mathematics through the study of algebra and geometry. The practical subjects he pursued at this school best fitted him for office work. Upon the completion of his four-year course, he was qualified to enter a railroad office or a banking institution. For reasons not made clear, however, he had failed to take advantage of his academic and technical training up to this point (1936) in his career. His future decisions as to selecting a vocation were just as inconsistent.

Soon after finishing his middle-school course, Aage became deeply interested in agriculture. It was a most unusual turn of mind to occur in a boy who had been reared in a city, and who was wholly without practical knowledge or experience in farming. But a farmer he decided to be. When he was 16 years old, he went to work on a 75-acre farm, about 20 miles from Aarhus, every acre of which was under cultivation. In the spring, he followed the plow and generally prepared the land for the planting of barley, oats, rutabagas, sugar beets, turnips and mangels. At that time, eight percent of Denmark's farm land was given over to the raising of beets. He fed the

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horses every half hour during the early hours of the night. The plan of feeding the horses a little at a time was employed to prevent the feed from becoming too wet and soggy. It was an economy measure which reduced loss to a minimum, as the horses showed a decided preference for feed that was dry.

Aage lived in a room next to the horse barn. His quarters were cold, dreary and depressive. If he remained too long in the room when the weather was cold, the cobblestone floor chilled his feet. His bed was nothing more than a wooden bin, filled with straw, over which was laid a mattress. Every single waking hour he was conscious of the rats and mice stirring about in the straw beneath him. He was privileged, though, to spend his evening hours in the family living room. He earned 150 kroner (\$37.50) for a year's work. He received 100 kroner for the spring and summer months, and 50 kroner for the winter period. He worked on this farm for three and one-half years.

Aage then went to a farm in the Schleswig district. It was purely sentiment which prompted him to make this change. Schleswig was a territory which had remained in dispute from the close of the war between Denmark and Germany until it was awarded to Denmark by the Versailles Treaty. Because of the historical significance attached to this area, and for no other reason, Aage wanted to go there. He found conditions in this section quite different from those to the north. The farm on which he took up his new employment was chiefly

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pasture land, and cattle raising was the major farm industry. The farm was flat and level, and had been reclaimed from marshes.

Aage found a better type of buildings than those on the farm at which he had previously worked, but some of the living conditions were not so favorable. The manner in which the food was served was anything but appetizing. Potatoes were placed on the table in one bowl and gravy in another. Each man was required to dip his potato in the same bowl of gravy, which meant that four were compelled to eat from one bowl. Meat was put on a separate plat to cut.

After six years of labor on two farms, Aage came to the conclusion that it would be difficult to earn enough money to buy a farm of his own. By practicing rigid economy, he had saved 700 kroner. His first employer was a friend to his father. Through the farmer's advice, Aage was induced to take a course at the agricultural college in Copenhagen. He entered that school in 1922 for training in the methods of scientific farming.

At Copenhagen the students were not required to attend all lectures given by the professors, but were permitted to follow a course of what was termed "free study." They were allowed to select suitable books on agricultural subjects for study at home. The students were held responsible, though, for any new subjects which might have been introduced during the course of lectures. Neglect on their part to attend

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important lectures was invariably disclosed at examination time. During the first year at college, Aage studied chemistry, zoology, geology, botany and physics. The latter part of his course included the study of plant breeding, fertilization and animal husbandry. He also made frequent excursions to the Government experiment stations for practical observation and demonstration. The professors under which Aage studied were selected for their posts at Copenhagen on their records of outstanding achievement.

Toward the close of his college career, Aage began to lose his desire to actually engage in farming. He aspired more to become an instructor or to act in the capacity of a government or county agent. His thoughts turned to the United States for the realization of that ambition. A professor from the West Virginia Agricultural College was instructing temporarily at Copenhagen. The professor assured Aage that he would assist him in obtaining part-time work at the West Virginia school in order that he might continue his study there. This offer met Aage's approval.

He completed his course at Copenhagen in May 1924. Accompanied by a fellow student, he sailed from Esbjerg for London in the middle of July on the first leg of his journey to the United States. After three days in London, he left Southampton for New York.

Aage had heard much about the panoramic skyline of New York City, but he was disappointed as the Aquitania approached

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it from the distance. He joked with his traveling companion about the "lowline of America". This illusion was dispelled, however, within a few hours after he had landed. No longer was there any question as to the magnitude of the metropolis. The skyscrapers towered to even greater heights than he had expected.

A fellow countryman invited Aage and his friend to remain with him overnight in the city. The next day his benefactor took him to Coney Island, but he failed to appreciate the great and varied amusement center. He had been in a solemn mood since his arrival in America. He could not quite understand how any person, feeling as he did, could plunge him into such a gay and giddy realm as was Coney Island. For the time, he had been overcome by America. It seemed to him that his anchor had been cast away and that there was danger of his being engulfed by the strange conditions and situations which faced him. America moved with a swiftness he had not known before. In Denmark, there had been plenty of time to think and plan, and always those ready to counsel him. Now, he was alone to work out his destiny in a strange land. There seemed to be no time for his own consideration. When he stepped aboard a train to bid adieu to some acquaintances, the door slammed in his face before he had completed his farewell, and he was carried to the next station ere he had time to realize what had happened.

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The following day Aage left for West Virginia via Washington D. C. During a brief stopover in the capital, he visited the Washington monument and several Government administrative buildings. He admired the general beauty of the city, but encountered difficulty in keeping out of the way of street cars. He had begun to find himself, though. And America was beginning to appear human, after all. The day was Sunday. On his way to Washington D. C., he observed many groups of persons picnicking along the river bank. Americans did take time for rest and recreation, he concluded.

Aage boarded a sleeping car that evening, enroute to Morgantown, West Virginia. Awakened early the next morning by the roar of the train, he found himself in the mountains. Never before had he seen such mountains. He passed coal mines and saw enough coal loaded in cars to supply the entire world, he believed. The courtesy of the train conductors pleased him. When he went in to the dining car, he was impressed by the efficiency of the service. Over night, he had altered his opinion of America. There seemed to be somebody always at hand to direct his every movement.

Upon his arrival at Morgantown, Aage called up the professor to whom he had been referred. He was sent to a State dairy farm, where he was given a comfortable room and immediately put to work in a corn field. For the first time, he saw corn growing in a field. He received \$80 a month, less room and board.

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With \$100 in his pocket, Aage left his job at the West Virginia dairy farm and went to Chicago in October. This move was made upon the advice of the professor at Morgantown, who believed that Aage would make better progress in the established dairy sections of Wisconsin. A Chicago cattle association wrote to an agent in Waukesha County and arranged for Aage's employment in advance. After four days at a milking job, Aage found the work objectionable, so he returned to Chicago. From an idea he received while attending a lecture, he wrote to the agricultural college at Ames, Iowa, and applied for work with that institution. Their reply offered him no assurance.

In desperation Aage began to thrash about for any kind of a job which would support him. He had bought himself new clothes and put on a prosperous appearance. When he entered an employment agency and asked for work on a dairy farm, he was told that he did not look like a farm laborer, so he was refused consideration. The agency, however, referred him to a nursery in suburban Highland Park, where he was successful in getting work at \$50 a month.

Until this time, Aage and his schoolmate, who came with him from Denmark, had cast their lot together. They had moved about, sharing each other's fortune. Finally, the friend was overtaken by illness, discouragement and despair gripped him, so he returned to Denmark, leaving Aage to battle America alone.

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Still hopeful that he might continue his agricultural training, Aage communicated with a school of agriculture at St. Paul, Minnesota. He was invited to come there and given assurance that means would be found to provide him with some kind of work while he was engaged in study. He spent Christmas Day in Chicago with a friend whom he had met in Copenhagen. From this friend he borrowed \$35 and left the next day for St. Paul. He contacted the school professor when he arrived there, and part time employment was assigned to him. He rented a room in the downtown district.

Aage went through the first semester successfully. He was highly gratified with his new duties, which consisted of operating milking machines on a dairy farm. For his services, he was paid \$80 a month, less the cost of his room and board. He was deeply impressed with the high standard of sanitation maintained throughout the farm and with the volume of milk produced. Although he had migrated to America from a country noted for its dairying, he had never before witnessed production on such an enormous scale.

In midsummer of 1925, Aage formed acquaintances in Minneapolis with two of his native countrymen. With a Ford automobile as their means of transportation, they were making plans for immediate departure to San Francisco. Unable to withstand their insistent urging, Aage agreed to join them on their journey to the Pacific Coast. With many stopovers, the trip was made, without mishap, in four weeks. They made many

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attempts along the way to find work in the harvest fields, but found such jobs very scarce.

Aage was separated from his two traveling friends within a few hours after reaching San Francisco, because both companions obtained carpenter work on the following day. Aage obtained a job sweeping cars at the Southern Pacific passenger terminal in San Francisco. He was paid at the rate of 42¢ an hour. One month later, he was transferred to the railroad freight sheds at pay of 48¢ an hour.

In March 1926, Aage read an account of the Folk High School at Solvang, the modern village founded by Danish colonists in the Santa Ynez Valley, Santa Barbara County. He became so intensely interested in this settlement and its portrayed activities that he applied to the railroad company for a leave of absence for two weeks, despite the fact that he had been in the company's employ only a few months. His request was granted and he was given a railroad pass to Solvang.

The fortnight Aage spent at the village was one of the most enjoyable events of his career. The whole atmosphere about the place was so completely Danish that it seemed to him like living in Denmark. Solvang had been established in 1911. Its establishment was the culmination of the search of a professor and two clergymen for an ideal site on which to start a colony for men and women of Danish descent; a place where they could till the soil and promote the common heritage from the land of their birth; a place where they might worship

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in their mother tongue and bring into being a folk high school patterned after the folk schools of their native country.

When Aage returned to San Francisco he fell under the influence of two men who were employed as longshoremen on the waterfront. Upon learning that the men were earning 98¢ an hour, he conceived the notion that he, too, would like to earn that amount of money. He passed up his job at the railroad freight sheds and centered his efforts on getting work at the docks. He soon realized the folly of giving up one job before obtaining another, however. Over a period of two months, he succeeded in getting only an occasional day's work. His cash on hand was dwindling rapidly.

After several weeks of fruitless search for a steady job, Aage started out one Sunday morning to attend a Danish church. On the way he dropped in at a creamery to ask if another man was needed. Quite to his surprise, he was instructed to report the following morning for work. He was assigned to the milk-receiving room, and subsequently placed in charge of the department. He remained in this position until the creamery closed down ten months later.

In January 1928, Aage entered the agricultural school of the University of California, at Davis, to renew his study of dairying. As a special student, he was not required to meet the rigid qualifications of the regular students. The persistent demands of his fellow classmates that he wear the

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regulation freshman cap so annoyed him that he left the school two months after his entry. Upon the recommendation of one of the school professors, he was engaged by a San Joaquin Valley rancher to make cheese on contract for the summer season.

Aage came to Los Angeles in the fall of 1926 and applied for a position at the Knudsen Creamery. He was advised that his application would be given due consideration when an opening occurred in the organization. During the course of his interview with Mr. Knudsen, he was asked as to why he had not fulfilled his ambition to become an agricultural adviser. It was apparent to the prospective employer that Aage had devoted considerable time and effort toward the preparation for such a career. Whatever were Mr. Knudsen's conclusions, Aage's application remains in file with his organization.

While visiting in the home of a friend in Pasadena, Aage met a Danish minister, who advised him to spend two days in diligent effort to obtain employment. His first attempt the following morning was fruitful. He was hired by a Los Angeles creamery to assist in the making of buttermilk. Aage is making buttermilk for the same firm today, just as he has done for the past eight years. Although his wages were cut during the depression, he is looking forward to an increase in the very near future.

Aage was married in Pasadena in the summer of 1929. He had met his wife in Oakland while he was employed in the bay district. At the time of their meeting, his wife was employed

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by a wealthy family in the exclusive Piedmont district. The minister who performed the wedding ceremony is now a next-door neighbor to the Jensens.

Aage lives in a modest but comfortable home in a desirable section of East Pasadena. Although he is not the owner of his home, he has occupied the same house ever since he was married. His wife possesses charm and grace of manner. She was also born in Denmark, but speaks English exceptionally well, with scarcely a trace of foreign accent. There are three children in the family--two girls and a boy. The oldest child is seven years of age and is an acknowledged leader in her classes at school.

Aage takes an active interest in all Danish affairs in Pasadena. He is president of the Danish Young People's Society of Pasadena and district president of the State association. He is fond of reading classic literature, especially Danish books, which predominate in his library collection. He reads thoroughly all publications and literature emanating from the Folk High School group at Solvang. As often as time permits, he plays the violin and flute. He engages in many kinds of handicraft--bookbinding, wood carving, water coloring and sketching.

His admiration for the Norwegian Arctic explorer, Nansen, borders on idolization. To Aage, Nansen is exemplary. He is a supporter of President Roosevelt, but he believes that the New Deal should be expanded or adjusted so as to more nearly

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approach the Socialistic form of government to be found in Denmark.

If Aage were to criticize America or Americans, his criticism would doubtless be directed to, what he believes to be, a lack of interest and cooperation on the part of Government and individuals in assisting newly-arrived immigrants to more readily acquire a workable knowledge of the English language. His own experience evidently remains fresh in his memory.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with visible foxing and small dark spots, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with visible foxing (small brown spots) and some larger, faint stains, particularly along the right edge and bottom. There is no text or other markings on the page.

Alfred Isham
10/26/36

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

General. My name in this country is J. Gustav White. As a child in Denmark I was Jens Gustav Hoid. My father had a time explaining his name at a post office after we came to America. He translated Hoid to White for the clerks, and decided he would have less trouble if he kept it translated. I live at 1020 Fairview Ave., Arcadia, California. In Denmark we lived at a small village out of Verde, where I was born Sept. 11, 1881.

In 1886, when I was five, we came to Iowa and stayed six months before removing to Minneapolis, where we stayed three and one-half years. Then we went to Mississippi for three years until 1894. I spent a year in Texas about 1895 and came to California in 1896, where I have since made my home. In 1906 and 1913 I was in Salt Lake City and Buffalo, and in 1916-18 in Germany and England.

My first work was as devil in a printing office at Galveston. Later I was cashboy in San Antonio. After my father died in Mississippi and my mother in Texas, I became a student at the Alameda High School and the University of California. I began YMCA work in school, became a Y secretary at Salt Lake City and have been in that work ever since. Now I am director of counseling and employment at the Central YMCA, 715 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, and professor of applied sociology at Whittier College.

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I had no Danish heroes in childhood, but might mention that the names of the King and Queen impressed me considerably because they were the names given to my sister and myself -- Dagmar and Gustav. After I came to this country I became an admirer of Jacob Riis, a Dane who had migrated, and met him.

I am an admirer of Grieg -- but he was not a Dane. Also I think a great deal of Thorwaldsen the sculptor, partly owing to my Danish ancestry, no doubt, as we had two of his medallions.

In literature I would mention first Dickens and second Scott. In art, Whistler and Leonardo da Vinci. In music, Grieg and Wagner. As statesmen, Lincoln, (a long wait) Borah.

I belong to the Masonic order, Toastmasters, Vocational Guidance Association and Automobile club. Before my work took me to Whittier so much, I belonged to the Lions' club.

I have no especial favorite among newspapers -- the nearest is the Los Angeles Morning News. Among reviews, the Readers' Digest.

I belong to the Methodist church. Celebrate no Danish days. My chief holidays are Christmas, Easter, 4th of July and Thanksgiving. We retained no folkways. No legends. Our family broke up when I was 12 or 13 -- my sister died too, later; we went thru college together; she was a great pal. There was a myth, yes. Crude stories of a bumptious farmer on a mountain (I suppose the Danish mountain might have been 200 feet high). It recounted his exploits of going to town.

I never learned to read Danish, but spoke it until my mother's death, when I was about twelve; couldn't speak it now.

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Wouldn't know over two dozen words. Tried to speak it in Denmark on visits in 1916 and 1926 but couldn't; had to use German and English.

Childhood. Probably we had no superstitions. My father was an engineer and a firm believer in Darwinism. He translated his name Thomas Sorensen White. In Denmark he had been owner of a grist mill and farm implement store; also something of a politician; and an amateur actor. He came across first-class because he had some money and pride. We left because he had suffered a political reverse.

My mother, Maria Jensen, had no occupation but housewife. Danish. We belonged to the middle class. Mother's father was a land owner and I think Father's father was a small farmer. The village and mill went by the same name. When his political reverse came, my father sold the home and mill suddenly. His leaving that staid and settled community forever had never ceased to be a surprise and a subject of conversation among those people who knew him and still live there. On a visit, I met my old nurse and a man still working on the premises after 35 years.

Mother sang to us, but I don't remember what kind of songs. Father was the more musical. He sang and played the violin. My sister and I played in the garden and around the shops. I remember the grist mill, that thatched roof, wagons, granary, sleds and horses -- but it is hard to differentiate between my recollections at the age of five and those impressions which I gained on late visits. I played almost altogether with my

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sister and young aunts under the supervision of a nurse -- no, under my mother; the nurse wouldn't have done that -- she was mostly a maid.

My father was very much interested in the children. We was remembered vividly there, after 35 years, as a former leading citizen. His leaving after petty differences of opinion had created a sensation. Our family group recreations were celebrations of Christmas, trips to grandfather's, and family reunions. There was no pre-schooling; we were at home until we were seven.

School. My first school was when I was seven at Minneapolis. I think there must have been twelve rooms. No local heroes were taught me there. I remember the Confederate heroes in school in Mississippi between the age of nine and twelve. The South surely did emphasize the Civil War up to that date. I don't recollect singing in Minneapolis, but in Mississippi there was much of it -- "Dizie" and national hymns -- "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

In Minneapolis I remember the political excitement. My father was a democrat and didn't have to change when he moved South. There were torchlight parades when Cleveland ran. Father took out his first papers but never his second. As a result I had to take out my own. But he voted; no body protested. In the south too-they were so anxious to have white votes. He had a noticeable brogue and made no speeches. Mother always stuck to her Danish.

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America was held up to me as the land of opportunity and the place where individual effort was rewarded.

I read Confederate history before I read the Northern. Oh, yes, I am sure Southern accounts are prejudiced. I discovered that before I got thru high school at Alameda. That might have conditioned my thinking. Might have given me ability to see history from both sides. During the World War I saw it from the German side for a year. It was very easy for me to be neutral, altho I was here when it began.

My outside reading began in the public school period with Nick Carter and the like. Before long I ran out of material in the village in Mississippi. I was living in a doctor's family about the time I finished all of Dickens that I could find; then I read most of Scott.

Community. While I was a child my father was active in singing and dramatic entertainments and political meetings in Denmark. We attended group meetings and they came to our home. We had the first telephone in the neighborhood. I went to church with my mother. My father was called a free thinker and he did not attend church so much. There was no library in the village.

Later in America. My first ambition that I can recollect was to be a steamboat captain on the Mississippi. Afterward I wished to become a carpenter, a builder -- and that still is my hobby. I wanted to be a newspaper man, and in fact did work part of my way thru college as a reporter. At the university I became a YMCA secretary, and for two years was president of the college Y.

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My first impression? I got lost in Battery Park, New York, and it seemed like a huge place. I saw the Statue of Liberty light up; saw elevated trains; and remember the difficulty in talking a new language. On the way over I was very seasick. The water was rough and I slid around the deck.

When I married, my wife, whose family had come to America in 1630, lost her citizenship -- but she didn't know it. Later I helped to close up a saloon in San Francisco. The San Francisco Examiner ran a front page story about it, maintaining that citizens alone should have the right to become active in public affairs and close saloons. After that, my sister, who had married an American and had thereby become a citizen, took great delight in signing an affidavit that she thought I would make a good American. By the same act she helped to make my wife, a descendant of the Mayflower, so to speak, a citizen.

We have no children. Take no Danish papers; belong to no Danish clubs.

My father benefited me by coming across, oh yes. After I had been away 35 years, I met my cousin over there, 17 years old, living on a skimpy farm -- don't see how they could raise enough to keep themselves alive. The same old thatched house. Monotony and drudgery. Yes, I will admit that he didn't have my father. I would probably have gone from the local school to Copenhagen University.

My father found advancement here. He became a mill owner in Mississippi. During the panic of 1893 he became involved financially and lost his property. Then he became chief

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engineer for a string of cotton gins. But my parents both died young -- too young.

I could not have done in Denmark what I have done here. I could not have gone thru school and got started as I did here. While I was at Berkeley I took part in all the activities. I was editor of the Daily Californian, belonged to a fraternity, edited the president's Bulletin three years, had a part in many diversions, earned most of my way and achieved A's and B's in my studies. Between high school and college I took a trip to Honolulu.

I studied one year of post graduate at California; a semester at Columbia and U. S. C., and a little at King's College of London University.

Comment on the Foregoing. Mr. White's arrival at the age of five, together with the death of both parents in his early youth, caused him to feel little Danish influence and to see America more steadily than many who are born here. His parents were not of the usual immigrant type and from birth he had the attitude of one who could look the world's best in the face and expect to claim it as his. In naming his heroes, he selected but two -- the first two names which came to his mind. He feels a little sad for the Southern people, particularly because they cannot forget the Civil War. He made no mention of Negroes. But his life work and channels of thought have endeared the international idea to him, and he has taken much interest in the International Houses established by use of

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Rockefeller donations. While he made no comment detailing his father's political ideas, he feels that his father was only a "sort of politician" in a small way. Doubts that his father was warranted in emigrating but believes it was good for them all. It seemed not to have occurred to him that his father's money and profession could have made him anything in Denmark beyond what his relatives were seen to be 35 years later. He is a very genteel person; a humanitarian; with slow movements and calm nerves; and a loving disposition. He seemed to believe that Battery Park had been reduced in size since his childhood. His success without funds at the university bespeaks considerable intellectual ability, as well as popularity. His admiration for Borah and reading of the Daily News intimates a liberal view politics.

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(Christian Sandahl)

Christian S-- was born in the rural environs of Copenhagen, Denmark, on August 3, 1863. His parents were of the frugal peasantry. His father died five months before his birth, leaving him to the sole guardianship of a devout Christian mother.

Because of the dire economic circumstances through which his mother had been compelled to struggle, Christian was hired out as a farm hand at the age of nine. On the farm he performed such daily light chores as watering stock and cleaning stables.

There was a wisp of misgiving in his voice when he explained that it was the custom in his native country for the women to do the heavier work--cultivate the fields, spread manure over the land and harvest the crops.

"When I came to America," he said, "and saw in what comparative ease the women here live, I became deeply sympathetic with the women folk of my own country. America taught me how unjust it was to have women do hard, outside labor. Why, they even came in after long hours in the fields and cooked meals and milked the cows while the men folk enjoyed leisure."

"But I'm thankful that its different now," he added.
"The women no longer work so hard."

Christian was permitted to attend school during the

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winter. Through the summer he pastured cows in the meadow lands. At the age of fifteen his duties became more arduous and he took on greater responsibility. He was given a gold-plated watch by his landlord as compensation for his past five years of service.

Upon reaching his majority, Christian became subject to draft for military training, as were all Danish youth at the age of 21. He was numbered so high, however, that he was privileged to attend high school during the year which elapsed between being drawn for service and being called for duty.

At the completion of eleven months of military service, Christian took unto himself a young Danish bride. It was evident that the newly acquired spouse had vision beyond that of her staid husband. The marriage nuptials had scarcely been completed when she made it known that America, land of liberty and golden opportunity, beckoned to them both. She warned her cherished Christian against risking his future midst the doldrums of his native heath.

Early that spring the hopeful couple boarded a train for Hamburg, Germany, the first leg of their journey toward the "promised land."

"When you land in New York--was your conception of America, as seen through the eyes of the great metropolis, in any way altered--and what was your impression?" Christian was asked.

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"I had no impressions or reactions," he answered. "I was just dumb and bewildered. I was beseiged from all sides by Jewish shopkeepers who appeared to want to literally strip my clothes from me."

The bright lights of New York's Broadway failed to hold Christian in the big city. He move~~d~~ southward and obtained employment as a carpenter in Ashville, North Carolina. True to the traditional industry of his native Denmark, he established, at the same time, a small dairy business. Unfamiliar with American business methods, and lacking in capital, this venture proved unprofitable to him.

Eighteen months later he crossed the continent to try his fortune in the Pacific Northwest. His knowledge of carpentry and his ability to make minor repairs enabled him to secure a job in one of Seattle's buildings. Subsequently he was made building superintendent and remained in that position for the next 30 years.

From the time of his arrival in America, Christian had had no other thought but to become a bona fide American citizen. For several years, however, he delayed making formal application for citizenship. In 1896 he attended a political meeting in Seattle, which was addressed by the late William Jennings Bryan. He was thrilled and inspired by the militant speech of the Great Commoner. Here was a crusader, he believed, in a cause which was close to his heart--advancement and protection for the common man. "If America

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has such men," he told himself, "I want to become an American now." This distinction was granted him in due process of time.

The fame of Southern California lured Christian to Los Angeles in 1924. A few weeks were spent in looking about for a suitable place in which to establish a permanent home. The appeal of the countryside in preference to the city always dominated him. Finally he settled down and bought a home in the foothill community of Sierra Madre, where he still lives. A spacious yard about a modest, comfortable cottage affords him ample room to raise enough fruit, vegetables and poultry to supply the needs of his household.

Christian is a thoroughly Americanized citizen. He revels in the democratic spirit which permeates the government and institutions of America. Still, he feels that there is room for much improvement. He believes that the Townsend Plan offers the most practical remedy for the ills which have of late beset our economic structure. One of the most prized items in his collection of personal treasures is a certificate of appreciation, signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, issued to him in recognition of his contribution of a set of spy glasses for use in the Navy during the World War.

Another document he displayed with a show of pride was a patent issued to his wife, Anna Maria Aaes, in 1914 by the United States Government for a string of silver beads. They

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are designed in the form of a zodiacal rosary. Tiny silver disc plates, arranged at intervals along the string, are inscribed with the signs of the zodiac.

The satisfaction expressed by Christian for having these documents within his possession indicated forcibly his fealty for all things American, as did his recounting the fact that he was responsible for cutting and testing all moldings placed on airplanes constructed for training purposes during the war.

Christian is genuinely interested in politics, art and music. The miniature paintings of Ella Shepherd Bush, an artist of international repute living in his own community, he approved with wholehearted admiration.

"I never miss a radio broadcast of a Philharmonic orchestra concert if it is possible for me to listen in," he said, "especially those conducted by Alfred Hertz."

That Christian has not wholly divorced himself from the influences of his native Denmark was clearly emphasized when asked, "What kind of stories do you like to read?" His eyes brightened with wholesome amusement. "Wait," he said. "Will you read for yourself? Then you will know the stories I like."

He offered apology and left the room. In a moment he came back with a recent copy of Den Danske Pioneer, a Danish newspaper published in the United States. He placed the sheet before me and I read:

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"Have you heard a rosebush speak?

Followed the trail of the snail?

Can you understand the gossip and chuckling of the
barnyard?

Do you know what a starched collar thinks when the hot
iron sizzles over the surface?

I do, for last night I spent a few hours at the Bee-
thoven's Hall and I laughed as I have not laughed since the
beginning of the war at the gossip of a lot of old hens--

Hens that you and me know--have not--if you know your
Andersen's Fables--or if you have studied your own friends."

The Danish actor Jacob Texiere was speaking.

I turned to Christian. He seemed to still be musing in
the thought of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales.

"Yes," he smiled, "he was always my favorite."

Several lines scribbled on a piece of paper laying on
the table suggested the religious sentiment of Mary Baker
Eddy. Questioned as to whether he was interested in Chris-
tian Science, he replied:

"I belong to no church. But I think the philosophy of
Christian Science is very beautiful."

To the multitudes who have experienced the devastating
effects of the period from which the country is emerging,
Christian is no exception. During the interview he had not
made even slight reference to the depression. So the observ-
er, anxious to know what the result had been upon his economic
status, put to him the question:

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"Did you suffer from the depression?

Christian sobered.

"Oh, yes," he answered gravely. "But not often do I speak of that. So many others have suffered, too. While I lived in Seattle I saved enough from my earnings to buy some real estate--several residence lots. If I could sell that property now, at all, I would not get enough to pay for the taxes. The same goes for my place here. Then, too, I have scarcely earned a dime from carpenter work for the past three years."

One can not sit with Christian and listen and observe while he rambles through his career in America, without concluding that he is of the type which contributes substantially toward the upbuilding of clean, sound American citizenship. Whatever grievance he may justly hold against our social and political structure he obscures in an attitude of enviable tolerance toward these institutions. He supplants harsh criticism by expressing the hope that a still more enlightened and democratic government will evolve from our present system.

The sense of loss and loneliness which entered into his life at the passing of his wife in 1930 has apparently failed to dim his interest and faith in the world about him. He brought forth several photographs of his departed life companion. With tender reverence he wiped the dust from each

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picture as he handed them to me in turn. Suppressed emotion was in his voice as he passed the tribute:

"She was a learned woman--a cultured woman--a noble and beautiful character."

But through moist eyes he smiled serenely his faith in God and humanity.

"Denmark has many beautiful places. And, of course, I still have friends and relatives there," he said finally. "If it were possible to visit them again, I would enjoy doing it. If not, I shall be content here. America is plenty good enough for me."

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH
(History of Niels Nielsen)

Niels Nielsen was born in 1869, on the island of Fyen, one of several which are parts of Denmark. In fact, except for the peninsula of Jutland, Denmark is all islands. Niels was reared in a farming district. The farm which his father leased was one which were called "small holdings." Until he left Denmark as a young man, he knew no other occupation except farm work.

His father's farm was relatively small, no more than five or six acres. His parents were poor peasants, unable to acquire or maintain a larger tract. The farm was leased from, and the rent was paid annually, to a lord, who was the holder of an estate of thousands of acres. Huge grants of land had been made to the nobility in consideration for certain military obligations performed. But the Crown had made a sustained effort, through generations, to protect the right of peasants to their land against absorption by the large estates, and to safeguard them against attacks upon them as a class or as individuals.

The land was generally sublet by the lords, in lesser tracts, to tenants known as gaardmand. And finally, in small several acre plots, sub-leased to the peasants. Groups of farms into which the lords' estates were divided were known as districts of communes. Each district was provided with a doctor, a mid-wife and a minister. A doctor or midwife was furnished a house with rent free. Although the Lutheran church was practically a State institution, wherever a district was

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desirous of having a chapel unto itself, and lord would frequently provide for it and pay the minister.

The farm on which Niels spent his boyhood and labored was part of such an estate. His father was a husmand, as were all tenants who had small holdings. The lord from which his father rented was a genial elderly man, who lived in a fine old castle, built back in the fourteenth century of brick and stone. The lord had his staff of assistants and henchmen to whom were assigned specific duties toward the maintenance of the estate. Farmers of the district seldom transacted business direct with the lord. All financial matters, such as collecting land rents, were taken care of by a secretary or overseer. Included in the castle estate were two hundred acres of wooded land. Each year, a number of the trees were hewn down, then cut up into wood, and sold to the land tenants who did not have peat beds on their farms.

It was not necessary for Niels' father to buy wood. Enough peat was taken from his own peat bog each summer to supply the household with cheap fuel for the entire year. The farmers usually employed the exchange of labor, or "ring" method of gathering the peat. A group of farmers would move from farm to farm and harvest the year's supply of peat on each farm represented by the group. By this system, no farmer was compelled to pay for help, but exchanged his own services for those of his neighbors. The first step in gathering peat was to pump the water from the pit. On some farms, as many as fourteen windmills were used to drain out the water. Then earth was thrown into the pit, after which the workers would mix the earth and

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remaining water around with their bare feet. This mixture was pitched out of the pit with shovels, then moulded into forms the size and shape of bricks. After the bricks had been left on edge for a few hours to dry out somewhat, they were hauled to a drying field on sleds or wheelbarrows. Here they were stacked in tiers so that the air could circulate for final drying. Often peat was sold to farmers who had no bogs of their own.

The buildings on the Nielsen farm were arranged in the shape of a U, grouped closely together, as was customary on most Danish farms. The living house was a rectangular four room structure, made of clay and heavy oak timbers. The oak timbers were placed in the walls at intervals of about eight feet, and extended from the foundation to the roof. Between the timbers was the clay material, giving the walls somewhat the appearance of being paneled. The straw roof was durable enough to withstand the elements for 20 years. On either side of the house were two sets of French windows. Just through the door entrance was a small hall where members of the family and callers cleaned off their shoes and hung their coats. To the left was a room where the baking and washing was done and beer was made. In the huge brick oven enough bread would be baked at one time to last for two months.

On these periodic baking occasions, those neighbors who were without baking facilities would bring in their ground rye and white flour to have it baked into bread. The bakings were largely of pumpernickel, with a limited amount of white bread to be eaten on special occasions. When baking time came around, the brick oven would be heated through thoroughly. Then the

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hot coals were removed and the bread put in to be baked by the heat which remained for many hours.

Beer was made twice yearly. Hops were ground, and malt was prepared by sprouting barley in water. The barley was previously dried by spreading on metal sheets. These were placed over iron rods in a chimney used for smoking meat in the fall. Two kinds of beer were made -- a light beer for immediate consumption, and a stronger beer which was stored away until harvest time.

One large room served as living room, dining room, and sleeping quarters. There was a fireplace in this room, with hooks hanging from overhead on which were hung pots and kettles. The beds were built out from the wall, three on either side of the room. A curtain shut off the beds from the remainder of the room. The beds were nothing more than wooden bins, filled with straw, over which were laid feather mattresses. And the mice scrambled about in the Nielsen beds, just as they did in the beds of many other Danish farm families.

In the yard about the house grew a variety of fruit trees-- apples, pears and cherries. Two milch cows and about six pigs were kept on the place. A small plot was planted to flowers, and enough vegetables were grown to supply the family table.

Every foot of the farm had to be put to some use in order to provide sufficient food for the family of six, for Niels and two sisters and a brother. The land was sown each year to rye, oats, barley and clover. Each spring the land was plowed and cultivated by the gaardman, who really was in control of the

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land. The small holders could not afford to have the necessary implements for working the land. The small holder would repay the gaardmand in labor for plowing the land, and for doing whatever other work required the use of implements, that is, larger implements.

Even by the careful utilization of all the farm land, it was quite impossible to meet the needs of all the family from what the farm produced. Aside from food, Niels, and the others, had to have clothes and shoes and the rent had to be paid promptly each year. There was not enough land to produce much for sale. While they called the five or six acres a farm, it was really a home in town. So Niels' father turned to various things to help make ends meet. Each season he did the slaughtering and butchering for ten or twelve farmers in his immediate district. He was a good weaver of plain and fancy wool. So he wove cloth, and was paid so much a yard for it. He used a room in one of the farm buildings, which formed the U, for a work shop. Because of his several occupations, he mingled a great deal among the families of his communities. He enjoyed their association, as well as the gilda polse (sausage dinners) with which they would serve him when he called.

Niels and his father went fishing very often, almost daily in the summertime, when Niels was out of school. And there was seldom a breakfast without fish in the Nielson home. All the Danish waters; the fiords, the coastal waters, the Baltic, the Cattegat, the Skagerrak, & the eastern part of the North Sea are comparatively shallow. The bottom, which mostly consists

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of sand or silt flats, slopes gradually from the shore to a depth of 50 or 80 metres. Greater depths are of rare occurrence and are only found in isolated localities, like the Skagerrak. The tide is highest on the North Sea coast, but even here it only amounts to from 1 to 1.5 metres in the eastern parts of Denmark and decreases with the distance from the open sea. As a natural consequence, the Danish fishing industry has come to take the form of both coast fishing and deep sea fishing, and is conducted with seines and drifting nets or with stationary equipment, such as hooks, stake-nets and traps. Niels went fishing along the coast for cod, plaice, eels, herrings and mackerel, but it was mostly cod which he caught. He fished with hook and line from a small boat, for there were not many nets used in his locality on account of the rough water. Frequently he saw as many as 100 and 150 hooks cast from one stationary line along the shore. But nearly everybody caught their own supply, so there was very little income to be had from the sale of fish. A bundle of five or six large, plump cod would sell for as little as 6¢. On the days when no one in the Nielsen family went fishing, several cents would buy a day's supply from the peddlers who went from house to house and farm to farm.

Niels' mother was a kind, hard working woman. By the time she had done the baking, washing and milking, there was little time left for recreation or social relaxation. She could not sing well, but Niels remembers the effort she often made, when he was a little boy, to sing religious hymns or to hum the lullabies of his cradle days. Nor has he forgotten the scoldings he got from his mother whenever he stole away from his duty of

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rocking the baby to seek pastimes more to his liking, and more than once he had the rod applied to him. On many nights during the winter months the family would gather about the tallow candle to tell stories and read fairy tales. It was not until 1880 that the candle was supplanted by a kerosene lamp. When Niels made a recent visit to his old home in Denmark, he brought back with him the same lamp which had been the pride of the living room for more than a generation. It is an attractive lamp, with a high ornamental stand of silver. The white shade throws forth a warm glow of light, which must have been a decided improvement over the old tallow candle.

Niels began going to the elementary school at the customary age of seven and continued until he was fourteen, at which time he was confirmed. As the public schools were more or less under the jurisdiction of the State -- supported Lutheran church, confirmation came in regular order when a boy or girl completed the elementary grades. Niels was required to do all of his studying at home, which meant that all of his evenings, with the exception of Sunday, were devoted to school work. His study amounted to practically memorizing the lessons which were assigned to him for the following day. A certain amount of his time in school each day was given over to reciting Bible lessons and the catechism. There were two classrooms in the schoolhouse he attended, one being occupied by the larger boys and girls, the other by the smaller ones. The pupils sat on long benches at desks which extended almost the width of the room.

Niels was amusingly interested when he told of some of the pranks which the boys played at school. One in particular

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concerned the time when the schoolmaster preceded his retirement from the room for a few minutes with instructions for no one in the class to leave the room during his absence. Not fully confident that his instructions would be complied with, the school master waited in the hall, just outside the door, for development. Niels, wholly unaware of the trap which awaited him, was the first to disregard the order and take his leave. As he came through the door, the schoolmaster seized him by the coat collar and made ready to put a bamboo rod into action. But Niels' mind worked rapidly. While he was being placed in a position for chastisement, he managed to draw from his pocket a large jackknife, which he mostly used for trimming fish, and bared the blade. When the first blow from the schoolmaster's rod descended upon him, Niels protected the spot, where the rod was intended to contact, with the open knife. The rod was almost cut in two when it struck the blade. When the master drew back to strike again, the dangling end of the stick snapped back and struck him full in the face. All of which indicates that boys are boys the world over.

The festivities which marked the celebration of Christmas and the New Year were the outstanding events of the year in the Nielsen household. Elaborate preparations were made for the Yuletide season. The farm home was given a general overhauling from one end to the other. The cow stable, located only a few feet from the living quarters, was given an extra scrubbing and cleansing, although the stable was cleaned thoroughly twice a day through the year. All the tools and implements in the shed were cleaned and brightened, and arranged

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in order. It was an old belief that if this were not done, the devil would appear and write on them messages of evil foreboding.

On Christmas day, the spirit of the occasion was made manifest to every living thing on the farm. The dog was remembered with a nice juicy bone; the cows were given an extra fork of hay, and the horses an extra handful of oats. Grain was scattered liberally to the birds. But the day of the New Year was Niels' favorite holiday, for it afforded him more fun, especially New Year's Eve. Boys and girls celebrated by hammering tin cans against the doors of neighbors, while the men rattled windows by firing off shot-guns.

From time to time, while he lived at home, Niels contributed to his own support by working on neighboring farms for short periods. When he was 11 years old he got a job watering cows on a farm about ten minutes walk from his home. Aside from his board, he managed to earn a few clothes while he worked there. After he had finished school he went to work as a regular farm hand, working for a gaardmand, who operated a large farm. The first year he received only his board. The next year he was paid 20 kroner for the six month crop season. When he was 19, he was earning 80 kroner during the busy season. He found the living conditions very poor at this place. But, unaccustomed to anything greatly different, he stayed through until he was 20.

Niels had no furnished room provided him, so he slept in a shed on the floor. He made his bed of whatever sacks and ragged discarded blankets he could scrape together. During the cold weather he never removed his clothing at night, except

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his shoes.

At meal time he sat at a long board table on a bench. They were seated in the order of their position on the farm. The gaardmand always sat at the head of the table. Next to him came the first hired man, then the boy, which was Niels. The two hired girls stood while they ate their meals. The principal item of food was a porridge made of hulled barley. In the center of the mush was placed a quantity of butter. At the side of the bowl of porridge was a bowl of beer. Each person at the table would first dip their spoon in the mush, then in the beer. For dessert Niels had pork and black bread. The bread was eaten after it had been dipped in the pork grease. Each individual always used the same spoon. The spoons were always arranged in order in a rack at the side of the room. For supper, Niels had cold mush. His breakfast usually consisted of beer, bread and fish.

After Niels had reached 20, he went to an army camp for his period of training. Although one year was the compulsory training period, he remained in the army for 18 months. He decided to stay the extra six months after he had earned a non-commissioned officer's post.

Niels had quite made up his mind to come to America when he had left the army. One of his sisters was living in Milwaukee. He had heard much of the country through corresponding with her. Immediately upon his discharge from the army he went home for his clothes, then sailed from Hamburg, Germany, for America via Havre, France. After 17 days aboard ship he landed in New York, but he had little opportunity to see the city due to the

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speed with which he was transferred to the railroad station, where he boarded a train for Chicago. During the two hours he spent in Chicago he was impressed most with the strange looking cable cars. It was difficult for him to understand how the cars could move along the street without the assistance of horses.

Niels had been with his sister in Milwaukee only two days when he got a job on a dairy farm just outside of the city. When he went to work the first day he was disappointed at having only water to drink. He missed the beer to which he had become accustomed in Denmark. His inability to speak English made the going tough for him, at first. The first task to which he was assigned was the replacing of some rail fencing with wire. He got through with that job in good shape. The next day the foreman pointed out some more rail fencing on the opposite side of the field, and told Niels to go over and repair it. Niels, however, did not comprehend his instructions. Before it was discovered, he had taken down a quarter of a mile of fence, when the foreman only intended that it should be patched up. After that, he made rapid progress in English through assistance given him by an old soldier. Niels arose at 3:30 every morning, and worked seven days a week. He was paid 25 dollars a month.

After two years on the dairy farm, Niels went to North Dakota, where he worked in the harvest fields for one summer. Then to Minnesota for two seasons in a logging camp. When he returned to Milwaukee, he got a job as coachman for the Schlitz Brewing Company. From 1903 until 1918 he did chauffeuring in

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Milwaukee, earning, at times, as much as two hundred dollars per month. He then ventured into a partnership in a garage. In 1928 he sold his interest in the business to his partner's son-in-law, and came to California.

Through a winter and spring, Niels worked as a mechanic in a garage in Alhambra. He then acquired an interest in the Stewart Egg Exchange at Arcadia. He entered into the business with two other partners, one of whom he had known in Milwaukee. The business was hard pressed during the depression but was recently reorganized. It is now going along under the sole ownership of Niels and his Milwaukee friend. They are both making a good living from the business.

While attending a Danish church in Los Angeles, Niels became acquainted with the organist of the church. Following a brief courtship, they were married in the same church in 1930. For the first nine months they made their home in Alhambra, but a year later Niels bought an attractive home in Arcadia, in which he now resides. His wife was a native of Denmark, having been reared in Copenhagen.

Last year, Niels and his wife made a visit to his old home in Denmark, where one of his sisters still lives. He found the external appearance of the village very much as it was when he lived there, though, inside, the homes are greatly improved. He noted a decided improvement in the living conditions of the people, as well. The women no longer are required to work so hard. Brewing and baking are quite generally a thing of the past. Most of the bread and beer is bought at stores. A peculiar thrill came to Niels when he discovered

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

Interview with Niels Rassmussen:

The west wind blows endlessly across the little island of Fano, just off the west coast of Denmark. It sends little chill clouds scudding across the sky in the summer. It shrieks and howls during the long winter months, whirling the sand into fantastic shapes, bending the tops of the scrubby trees, hurling its fury against tiny farm houses set in little farms.

In one of these farm houses, 53 years ago, another baby arrived in the Rassmussen family. The good pastor in near by Nordby was named Niels, and the little boy was named after him.

The Rassmussen home was typical of this part of Denmark. House, barn, and other buildings were built close to each other, and formed two sides of an enclosed square, the other sides being fenced, with bushes and trees planted close to serve as a wind break.

The Rassmussens were both fishermen and farmers. During the fishing season, the father and older boys went out in a boat owned by several neighbors, while the mother and younger children took care of three cows and garden. In the winter there was little fishing, and the cattle were kept mostly in the barn, which could be reached directly from the house

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through a short enclosed passageway. The long winter evenings were spent around a sheet iron stove--fuel was too scarce for an open fireplace. Neighbors dropped in for cakes, ale, and conversation. An older brother had a fiddle, and there was music, singing, and story telling.

Mr. Rasmussen remembers that his mother always wore a colored handkerchief tied tightly around her head, and a full, wide skirt. She read many of the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen to the younger children, and told them stories about her own childhood. His father had little to say to the children, but was always good natured. He wore a black suit, with a short coat, and a colored woolen muffler with tassels.

Soon little Niels was big enough to go to school. He thinks he was about 7 years old at this time. The school was in Nordby, a walk of about a mile from his home. Two children sat on a bench before a double desk, and there were about 20 or 30 students in each class. A good deal of the instruction in this school consisted of lectures by the teacher. While he only attended school until he was about 14 years old, and in the mornings only, a wide variety of subjects was covered. He learned something of history, not only of Denmark but of the world. There were talks on science, politics, and literature. There were courses in German and English. Also each week he had regular religious instruction. The only singing was hymns at the time of religious instruction. Scandinavian

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sagas and mythology were learned in connection with his studies in Danish literature.

There was no supervised play, but the school had a large paved yard, and the children played here before and after school. Sometimes in the summer they played in the sand on the beach. It was always a thrill to meet his father's boat when the fishermen came in, and learn what success they had.

No small part of his education consisted of frequent public lectures given at the school, which were attended by the adult population of the community. These seem to have been a sort of Chautauqua, at which lectures, sometimes illustrated with stereoptican slides, were given on all sorts of cultural subjects.

Christmas was the holiday which meant most to the boy. Preparation for the holiday season began early in December. Quantities of beer were brewed, and as the day approached his mother was busily engaged in baking all kinds of cakes and cookies. Even the livestock were given double rations on Christmas day, and grain was scattered for the birds. Candles flickered at each window, and a huge Christmas tree drooped under the weight of candies, cakes, gifts and decorations. Gifts consisted of toys and clothing. Games were played, songs sung, and visits made to all the neighbors. Often engagements were announced at Christmas time.

Now Niels has almost grown up. He has been confirmed in the Lutheran church, and has a new black suit in honor of the occasion. What work shall he take up? Shall he be a

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fisherman like his father? Or shall he go out in the world, perhaps to Copenhagen, where there is more opportunity? The pastor, whom he was named after, is called into consultation.

With the aid of the pastor, the boy secured a place on the ferry running from Nordby to Esbjerg, across the bay. He worked here for a while, and then for a shipping firm in Esbjerg. But wages were low, and the boy was dissatisfied.

"I think I made up my mind to go to America," said Mr. Rassmussen, "when I was a boy, and heard a lecture at the school on this country. Then, too, I had an uncle in Wisconsin, and we would read occasional letters from him at home. America was in the back of my mind for a long time. I know I worked especially hard at school on my English for this reason."

So, when Niels was 22 years old, he had managed to save enough to make the long-planned trip. He took a boat to Holland, and sailed from there for New York.

"What a thrill was that arrival at New York", said he. "You see, I had never seen a big city, not even Copenhagen. The streets were so wide, the buildings so high, and so many people. And when I got to Chicago, it was just the same. Everyone seemed in such a hurry."

Mr. Rassmussen went first to his uncle, who had a farm near Racine, Wisconsin. He worked for him for a while, and then got a job working on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. Soon he became a brakeman on a branch line, and has been in railraod work ever since. He has lived in Racine,

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Great Falls, Minn. and Omaha, Neb. He has lived in Los Angeles for the past ten years, working for the Southern Pacific. He likes his work, and is satisfied that he has done far better in this country than would have been possible in the old country.

In Minnesota he married an American born girl of Danish descent, and has three children, two going to high school. They do not speak Danish at home, as his wife knows little of the language, and the children do not speak it at all. He became a citizen soon after coming to the country, and has never been back. "I would like to go back for a few weeks," he said, "but that would be long enough. I would like to see Copenhagen, though."

The family are as thoroughly American as any native born family--possibly because the mother is American born, and has no memories of another native country. Mr. Rassmussen subscribes to a Scandinavian paper printed in English, and belongs to a Danish club as a matter of sentiment, but seldom attends any meetings. Much is made of Christmas, perhaps a little more than is customary in this country, but no strictly Danish holidays or customs are observed.

Nevertheless, it is clear that Mr. Rassmussen is very proud of his Danish birth, and it was difficult in the interview to pin him down to personal history. He seemed to think I wanted to learn about Denmark--and he is obviously well posted on the political and economic development of the country, despite his stated lack of interest in local Danish clubs.

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"America could learn a lot from Denmark," he assured me. "They know how to cooperate in Denmark, and everybody is better off. The trouble is, Denmark has no natural resources. No metals, or anything."

After listening to Mr. Rassmussen, it seems to me that Denmark must have a remarkably efficient educational system. Here is a man from the poorest class of people, who claims to have had only about seven years schooling, of half days. Yet he has a vision and grasp of world problems and facts which is comparable to few native born college graduates in this country.

Swedish
Norwegian
Danish
Finnish

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY -- DANISH

East of Copenhagen lies the little rugged island of Bornholm. Here are many stone quarries and clay pits, and in these quarries the father of Cris Borson made his living.

The family of five lived in a small workingman's cottage on the edge of Roenne. Cris, the oldest child, was born in 1890. The two younger children are another boy and a girl.

His father does not seem to have been a skilled stone worker, but merely a day laborer. Mr. Borson remembers his father roughly shaping cobble stones to be sent to the mainland for paving blocks, but this probably was not a skilled job. At any rate, wages were low, and the family had a hard time making both ends meet.

The family income was eked out by the sale of milk and eggs. A number of chickens were kept, and a cow. Cris had to take care of the cow, finding pasture, milking it, and delivering milk to neighbors in the town.

Nevertheless, it was a happy family. Most of the neighbors were as poor as the Borsons, and although there were few luxuries, and clothing was home made and well worn, there was at least plenty to eat. His mother was from Copenhagen, and had a good education, teaching the boy to read before he went to school. She sang to the children, and

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told them fairy stories and legends of Danish history and Bible stories.

Childhood play consisted for the most part of roaming in the hills on on the seashore. He and neighborhood children used to find caves in the rocks, and fix them up as play houses. His father would carve toys and whistles for him out of wood. Another game seems to have been similar to marbles, except that it was played with rocks. The object of the game was to knock the opponent's rocks out of a circle by throwing at them.

Mr. Borson thinks he must have been about six years old when he started to school. He went to school in the winter months, starting early in the morning and leaving early in the afternoon. About thirty students were in a room, each room in charge of a teacher. Once a week the minister gave religious instruction to the entire school, and hymns were sung. Studies were equal elementary courses, but German was studied about the fourth year, and English in the fifth. The languages were taught by conversation. There was no supervised play, but a few minutes calisthenics were given during each day.

Christmas was the only holiday observed, but birthdays and weddings were elaborately celebrated. All these occasions were marked by feasting, the baking of elaborate cakes and cookies, and much visiting back and forth among friends.

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"Christmas," said Mr. Borson, "was celebrated about like it is here, but it seems to me we made more of it. Of course, that may be just my boyhood memories, but I know we spent weeks getting ready for the season, decorating the house with greenery and ornaments and candles. Then the house was always full of people going and coming. I didn't get many presents -- usually a muffler or pair of gloves or something like that, maybe a knife or some toy my father had made."

On his birthday the boy received presents, and a special dinner was prepared, with the things he liked best to eat. This day he had to himself, and was not required to do his regular chores.

When a boy and girl decided to become engaged they went to the pastor and exchanged gold rings, which they wore on the left hand. Then when they were married, the same rings were transferred to the right hand.

When Cris was 14 years old, his mother received a small inheritance, and the family decided to migrate to America. Work was becoming scarce, wages were low, and the New World beckoned as the promised land. The family sold their possessions and sailed for New York from Copenhagen.

For a while his father worked on the estate of a wealthy New Yorker on the upper Hudson, but the family became lonely,

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homesick and dissatisfied. There were no fellow countrymen near, and they were just 'a bunch of foreigners.' Even in a nearby-by Lutheran church they did not feel welcome. The father could have obtained work in New York, but his mother was afraid of the big city, and could not bear to think of living in a tenement. So, through a Danish organization in the city, the family obtained promise of work at a little lumbering settlement near Rhineland, Wisconsin, where the manager was a Dane, and there were many Danish families.

This move was a much more happy one. Here the family found friends. They did not feel cramped as they had in New York. His father was not a lumber jack, but found steady employment at manual labor in the camp, and soon worked up to a position of some responsibility. Cris himself, worked at odd jobs, and went to Milwaukee to take a course in automobile repairing. Then he got a job in a truck factory in Milwaukee, married an American born girl of German descent, and lived in Milwaukee until about ten years ago.

His wife had relatives in Los Angeles, and they decided to come here, partly for a change, and partly because there seemed to be good opportunities here in the automobile business. He had been employed almost continuously since then, and is now head mechanic in a repair shop.

They have four children, but the children do not speak Danish or German, and only English is spoken at home. They

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do not observe any native holidays or customs, although much is made of the Christmas season. No Danish papers are taken by Mr. Borson, and the family are thoroughly Americanized. He does belong to a Danish insurance company, and occasionally likes to play cards and speak Danish with some Danish friends.

"Yes, I would like to save up enough to take a trip back to Denmark with my family and see the old place, but I would not want to live there -- I like this country much better," said Mr. Borson. "My wife does not want to go to Germany now, though. Her father is a German socialist, and is very bitter about Hitler. They'll never get anything like that in Denmark. Denmark is too much like this country.

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

Interview with Thorwald Lindholm:

"I was born in Copenhagen, in the winter of 1880," said Mr. Lindholm. "My father had a good position with an export firm that specialized in china, earthenware and pottery. There were six in our family--myself, my two sisters, my father, mother and grandfather. We lived in a good middle-class neighborhood.

"I remember the house we lived in. It was on a side street, and was made of brick, with a tiled roof and windows cut up into a lot of small panes only a few inches square. The house fronted right up against the street, houses were built solid on both sides, and there was a small back yard paved with cement.

"Life was very pleasant when I was a boy. There was always laughter and singing around the house, and we children used to kiss our parents after each meal. I can remember those meals now. For breakfast my mother used to make a sort of porridge with bread, milk, eggs and cream. After we came home from school she would always have a lot of bread spread with fish or eggs or onion and things like that. We called it *Schmorbrod*.

"My grandfather used to tell us stories. I remember one about a knight called Holgar, who had a long beard and was supposed to have been sleeping in a castle for hundreds

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of years. He had slept for so long that his beard had grown into the table. Every Christmas he woke up and asked if Denmark was all right. On being reassured, he would go back to sleep. But if at any time Denmark should be in danger, he would spring up, pull his long beard out of the table, and rush forth to save the nation.

"My mother would also sing songs to us children, and tell us fairy stories from Hans Christian Andersen. There was a statue of the poet in Copenhagen, showing him sitting down to tell a story. I suppose it is still there.

"For amusement we used to play games with tops, fly kites, and play a game in which part of the children would go through the motions of weaving, hammering, etc., and the rest would guess what kind of work was being imitated.

"Then we used to take walks along the canals, and go to the market and see the country women with white shawls on their heads, dressed up in bulky petticoats and aprons. Sometimes my grandfather would take me to see some museum in the city, or down to see the boats. On Children's Day we would go to the Tivoli. This was a sort of summer garden and amusement park, and on special days there would be acrobats, and an open air theatre. They had a short roller coaster called Rutschban.

"I started to school when I was 6 years old. There were about 50 or 40 in a class, and we had the usual

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courses, I guess. Between each lesson we would be given a few minutes to play. There used to be little prizes for good grades and good conduct, but I don't know whether that was a regular thing, or whether the teacher just gave them to us. We had classes in gymnastics, and a few years later I studied carpentry in school.

"Monday before Lent was a holiday in school, and we would dress up and parade. We would also parade on Constitution Day, which is a sort of Danish Fourth of July and Labor Day combined.

"The most important holiday at home was Christmas, and next came birthdays. We always had a tree on Christmas Eve, with decorations and presents. There was always plenty to eat, roast goose, and a cake with an almond baked in it--the finder getting an extra present. Birthdays were never forgotten, there were gifts, cakes and cookies, and flowers. The day after Christmas, St. Stephen's Day, there would be visiting back and forth among friends and relatives, and at each place there would be plenty to eat and drink. On New Year's Day there would also be visiting, and each home would have hot punch to serve guests.

"When I was confirmed I got a new suit of clothes, and could begin to smoke. When I was 18 I served a year in the army, and it was considered time for me then to begin to think about getting a job. With the aid of my father I got

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a place in the firm he was with, making crates and doing small carpentry in the shipping department. I had studied this in school. But I didn't care much about the work.

"I had an uncle living in Illinois, working in a railroad shop near Chicago. My father used to read his letters out loud to the family, and I think it was as much that as anything else that started me thinking about going to America. Then I didn't care much about my job, and a young fellow is always restless anyway. So I started saving my money.

"I was enabled to go even sooner than I expected, through the assistance of a friend who was captain of a freighter sailing from Copenhagen. He offered to fix it up so I could go to Boston with him, and work out my passage. I secured the approval of the family, and so it worked out that I arrived in Boston on the day I was 22 years old.

"You ask me what my impressions were of America? Well, to tell the truth, I don't remember that I was particularly impressed. Of course I was interested in everything, and the language made me feel in a foreign country, but Boston really didn't seem so much different from Copenhagen. The principal difference seemed to be in the feel of the buildings. Boston buildings seemed square and flat, while the buildings of Copenhagen are pointed, with more gables and decorations.

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"But I had no trouble whatever in getting along. I could understand English, I had studied a little in school. My clothes did not look different from any one else, and I did not feel strange or out of place.

"I went to Chicago, and my uncle helped me to get a job with the railroad--the Illinois Central. I worked in the yards at first, but it was not long until I got a job as brakeman on a freight, first extra, then regular.

"I liked railroading, and have worked at it ever since I came to this country. About 15 years ago I went with the Santa Fe, and came to this division 8 years ago.

"I have never married, but I took out my citizenship papers soon after coming to the country, as soon as I was sure I wanted to stay here. I don't know that you could say I have really bettered myself by coming here, I could probably be as comfortably fixed today if I had stayed at home. But coming here did enable me to get into work that I like better than the work I would probably be doing in Denmark.

"You know Denmark is just as progressive as this country, and people on the whole are just as well off. I would like to go back for a visit some day, I haven't been back since I came over. But I think I would rather spend the rest of my days here.

"I belong to a Danish club, and sometimes go to a Danish Lutheran church. But most of my friends on the job are not

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Danes, and about my only contact is occasional letters from the old country. A friend told me once that I am getting to speak Danish with an accent. So I guess that means that I am thoroughly Americanized."

Richard L. Miller

4/28/37

Witt-Holland 4/28/37

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

Holger Jensen would like to see Copenhagen again before he dies. He knows down in his heart that he never will--but hope springs at 80 as at 8. No, he won't be able to make it this year--but maybe next year--maybe something will turn up. Hope is happier for the old when the edges are blurred and indefinite. If Holger really planned, he would have to admit that he will spend the rest of his days on the porch of the Danish Old Men's Home. It is so much more pleasant to dream.

So he sits in his high-backed rocker, a round little old man with round baby-blue eyes; a round stubby pipe in a round chubby hand. His eyes look out at the Baldwin hills of Los Angeles, but he sees the Svanninge hills of his native Funen.

Born at Fruensboge, near Odense, he was the youngest son of a prosperous dairy farmer. But there were six other children, and in a family of nine there was no money for un-essentials. His clothes were always what his brothers had outgrown. His shoes had wooden soles. Not until the day of his confirmation did he have a new suit, all his own. In those days in Fruensboge clothes were worn for warmth, not appearance.

There was plenty of work on the little dairy farm, and life began at 4 o'clock every morning. The house had a

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thatched roof, and the farm buildings were close together, forming a square which enclosed a court yard. In this yard the cattle were brought to be milked twice a day. Then there were utensils to be washed, butter and cheese to be made, and other farm work to be done. Seven children were none too many.

Still, life was pleasant, and the family happy and well fed. There was singing, story telling, and time for play and fishing in the Odense river. Near his home was the birth-place of Hans Christian Andersen--and his tales and poems were known to everyone.

When Holger was 6 years old he started to school. There were about 40 children in a class, and the studies consisted of the usual elementary subjects, with a little German in the fourth grade. Time for play was given between classes. Religious instruction was given twice a week. As he remembers, he was given a good idea of geography, and the rest of the world. He learned a little of American history, and thinks he became interested in America while in school. His teacher had visited this country, and was able to make the New World seem real.

Holger attended school in the mornings only, until about noon, and then went to a municipal agricultural school in Odense. Here he studied scientific agriculture and dairying.

At home, all ate at one big table, and there was plenty to eat on the table. On Saturdays there was always ollebrod--which was a dish made of bread, cream, fish, and onions. The

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4/28/37
Edit-Holland 4/28/37

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Danes are blessed with good digestions.

After dinner there was coffee. Then the entire family shook hands, and the children said "Thank you for the meal" to the parents.

All holidays were carefully observed, and looked forward to by all the children. These included birthdays and other anniversaries, and church festivals.

The big day was Christmas, which was celebrated on Christmas Eve. In the corner of the room was placed a big tree, gaily decorated with popcorn, ornaments, gifts, and lighted candles. After a dinner of roast goose, with a big cake to top it off, all danced and sang around the tree. Then presents were distributed. Most of the presents were home-made, such as knit mittens with two thumbs to assure long wear, but little was expected. The excitement of the day was the important thing to the children.

Christmas was a day of rest and church-going. But the next day--St. Stephen's day--was another holiday, with visits to friends and relatives, and drinking of their health by the older people.

On New Year's Eve there was visiting and dancing. Fireworks were featured in a public celebration in the town, and all went to see the event. Another public event was on Midsummer's Night, when there was dancing in the streets, and huge bonfires were lit in open squares.

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On Constitution day there were bands and parades. Monday before Lent was a holiday, on which the children were allowed to dress up in costumes, and parade around the town. After Easter was a Friday of Prayer. All church bells would ring, and people would walk around in their best clothes, meeting friends and talking with them.

But the most important day in the life of young Holger was his confirmation day. He was driven to church in a carriage, dressed in a new heavy black suit, with new black horse-hide gloves. Afterwards all the relatives and neighbors came to congratulate him, and went home for a big dinner. Food seems to have been an essential factor in all Danish holidays!

Confirmation marked Holger's accession to manhood. Now he could be more independent, now he could smoke and drink toasts in hot punch with the other grown-up people. A relative gave him a gold watch. Only a man could carry a watch!

Now he could parade around the town in his new black suit, and be admired by the girls. He could send them valentines. One custom was that when the first snow came, a favored girl would receive a note or poem signed with a series of blots--one blot for each letter in the name of the sender. If she failed to guess the name of her anonymous admirer, a present could be claimed.

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But all was not holidays and courting. Now that Holger was a man, he must find work, and plan his life.

He was a skilled dairyman, with his practical training at home, and his course in the continuation school. So he was able to find work on the farm of a wealthy neighbor near by. He worked here for several years, married a town girl, and was apparently settled down for life.

But his wife died not long after their marriage, before they had any children, and the man felt that he wanted a new environment. He went to Copenhagen, worked at several jobs for awhile, and then decided to come to America.

There seems to have been no particular reason for the decision. Evidently he was still restless, and wanted change and adventure. He had saved up some money, and could afford to make the trip. In fact, he had no intention of staying, he just wanted to see the world.

Through friends he obtained a position as manager of a dairy farm in up-state New York. Then he went to Wisconsin, and came west about 10 years ago. What had started as a visit of curiosity became permanent. Yet in his mind it is still a visit, despite the fact that he became a citizen. And in his second childhood, rocking on the porch of the Danish Old Men's Home, his future secured by his savings in a Danish Insurance Brotherhood, he still is talking about going back.

Leonard E. Miller
4/24/37
Edit- Collins 4/24/37

Local Minorities Survey
Danish

Not that he does not like this country. Not that he has
not been a good citizen. He just wants to go home.

Black - 10-8-36
Edit--Hanley - 10-12-36

Racial Minorities Survey
Danish

HISTORY OF HANS HANSEN (DANISH)

Hans Hansen was born in 1882, in the village of Skarn, located on the Danish peninsula of Jutland. Skarn was a town of about 4,000 inhabitants, situated in a fertile farming district. Fifteen miles distant was the seaport city of Esberg, west coast shipping center of the Danish Empire, from which travelers embarked for England, Norway and Sweden.

Hans was the youngest of seven children. He had three brothers and three sisters. His parents were the humblest of peasant farmers.

His father was an all-around carpenter as well as a farmer. When not farming, his services were in demand at the former occupation. His knowledge of this trade enabled him to occasionally earn the little extra money needed for something in the home which could not be produced on the land, or for the maintenance of the farm itself.

The farm consisted of 20 acres, on which was raised Russian wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, clover and geera. The latter was a species of grass which grew to a height of six or eight inches and spread out something in the manner that clover grows. It was used only for stock feed. Usually, no more than two brook sows, four milch cows, and six horses were kept on the place at one time. The heifers were slaughtered each year to supply meat for the family. In early autumn beef and pork were seasoned and packed away to be used as food during the winter. Additional family

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Edit--Hanley - 10-12-36

Racial Minorities Survey
Danish

revenue was available each year from the sale of young horses at the stock market.

Hans began his labors on the farm when but eight years old. From that age on he knew nothing but work. The stock had to be cared for; the cream separated daily and sent to the creamery, where it was churned, thence shipped to England. He helped with the milking, pumped water for the livestock, and cleaned the stables and pig sties.

The house in which Hans lived was a long, low, T-shaped structure. The walls were constructed of brick, throughout. The roof was made of straw. Half of the front part of the building, or that portion which formed the cross of the T, was used for living quarters. The other half served as the stables for the horses and cows. The stem of the building, extending back from the front, was the barn in which was stored hay and other livestock feed. This was a customary living arrangement among peasant agricultural families of Denmark.

This close proximity of the stables to the living rooms of the family made it necessary that the premises be kept scrupulously clean, especially the stables. When he later came to America he observed that many of the farm houses and yards here were actually filthy when compared to his own home in Denmark, and other homes of Danish farmers.

The living quarters consisted of a large combination living room and bedroom, and a kitchen. The beds were built

out from the wall in a series extending the whole length of the room. The sleeping compartment was shut off from the balance of the room by a panel of doors which was built from the floor to the ceiling. The beds were wooden bins, about three feet in depth, filled with straw. Over the straw was spread a feather quilt, and necessary blankets. The beds were entered through separate doors.

Hans' mother baked her bread in a Dutch brick oven. All other cooking was done on a stove constructed for general cooking. This stove was also made of brick and left open at the top. Across the top was laid a cast iron plate on which were set the cooking receptacles. A space was left open at the floor in front through which the firing was done. The living room was heated by a cast-iron stove, similar to the ones used in America before modern gas and electric heaters. The Hansen family used kerosene lamps and occasionally candles.

All of the fuel consumed in the Hansen home was produced on their own farm because beds of peat throughout the countryside of Denmark afford almost every farm household a cheap and abundant supply of fuel.

When Hans grew old enough to assist his family in cultivating the fields and harvesting the grain, he also joined them each summer of the year in cutting the squares of peat from the pit and stacking them to dry for the winter fires.

Although the peat formation penetrated the earth for a

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Edit--Hanley - 10-12-36

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great depth, pits were seldom dug deeper than 20 feet because of difficulty in throwing peat out of the pit from a greater depth. In the fall, when the peat had dried, it was hauled from the field and placed in the shelter of the barn. A small quantity was kept near the stove for immediate use. There was a dirt floor on which the peat was piled. The floor was cleansed by sprinkling white sand over it, then was swept. Whenever water was needed, it had to be pumped by hand from a well 15 feet deep midway between the living quarters and the stable, so that it was convenient for watering the stock, as well as for family use.

The only respite Hans had from the drudgery of farm work was while attending school from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. He had started to school when five years old. On each school day he walked a total distance of eight miles to and from the brick schoolhouse where he attended school. Classes were held in one room and were divided into the elementary, intermediate and advanced grade pupils. Hans went to school 12 months out of the year. The only variation was from May 1 to October 1, when the school days were shortened to half-day sessions. When he went to school, it was but to recite his lessons and to receive gradings on his recitations. He was required to study and prepare all of his lessons at home.

He was taught all of the common school subjects--arithmetic, spelling, grammar, geography, history, etc. At the age of 14 he received his general school confirmation

(graduation diploma), after which he gave full time to working on his father's farm.

Up to this point, Hans' life had been given almost entirely to labor and drudgery. Aside from his common schooling, little else had been contributed toward his preparation for a future career. Although his parents had fulfilled their obligation to him, his home life had fallen short of aiding his spiritual and cultural advancement. While he suffered no marked abuse from other members of his family, and was permitted to assume a legitimate place within the family circle, that cooperation appeared to be bent merely on the pursuit to live and to overcome too drastic economic limitations.

Hans has no recollection of ever having heard childhood stories and tales. The only songs remembered are those he was taught to sing at school. This void in his life may be attributed somewhat to the fact that his mother was compelled, too, to work hard. When she was spared an hour from housework, she worked in the field. In her school days she was taught Latin, not Danish. While she spoke the Danish language, she could read and write only in Latin. From all this, it may be seen that she had very little chance to promote the relationship which usually exists between mother and child.

From wool spun by his mother, practically all of Hans' clothes were made. When the woven material came back from

the weaver she made stockings, and cut cloth from patterns to make suits and other garments.

Soon after Hans finished school, he sought to free himself from the farm labor. Having learned carpenter work from his father, he went to a lotmarn (general carpenter and builder) who lived in a small settlement about a mile distant from his home, and secured a job. He remained with this employer for five years, doing cabinet work and building homes and farmhouses. During the first three years he received no other compensation than room and board. For the next two years he earned his first money, being paid 75¢ a day in addition to board and room.

Hans had often heard of America. He had been told--he had read in newspapers and books about the land where life was abundant and money came by little effort. He had hoped to go there some day and see for himself.

That ambition was given sudden impetus when he left home, for the first time, and became aware that he could make his own way in the world. He had saved his money from his very first pay, and he continued to put away as much as he could spare from his earnings. That meant most of his income, for he had his room and board without cost.

Then, too, his favorite brother had already gone to America. None in the Hansen family had been given to exultation over newly acquired advantages or triumphs at home. But Hans could read between the lines of the letters his brother wrote that he was doing well and was quite satisfied

with America.

In 1902, a few days before his twentieth birthday, Hans embarked from Copenhagen as a steerage passenger aboard a trans-Atlantic steamship. The voyage to New York was made via Norway and Sweden, and was completed after 11 days. When the boat had docked, Hans was hustled, with several hundred other immigrant arrivals, along the gangplank and into a train. Although he had little opportunity to view the American metropolis, Hans was thrilled at the thought of having set foot on American soil. He entrained for Chicago, where he was transferred to a California bound train.

Hans went directly to California because he had a half-sister living there. So it was really through California that he had his first chance to form a true impression of America. He went immediately to the home of his half-sister in the San Joaquin Valley, near Fresno. The next morning he secured a job as carpenter on a school building, at \$2.50 a day. He thrilled at the realization that America had not disappointed his hope for better things. He remained at this work until the building was completed, then set out immediately to find other employment.

Hans' close confinement to his father's farm during his boyhood had created an urge for adventure into unknown realms. His attempt to taste its fruits occurred just before he came to America, and in a most extraordinary manner. Almost overnight he had decided to take up the trail of a

vagabond. For days he traveled the roads and byways with a roll of blankets on his back, munching bread and smoked meat. At night, he made his bed wherever darkness found him - by the roadside or in a haystack. He cooked scant rations over an open fire. Often, he sought the frequented retreats of the more seasoned devotees of the road, and communed with them. But the adventure was short lived. One month of the life and he returned to his home, and more wholesome living.

When he had finished his first job in California, adventure again beckoned. He went to a logging camp in the high Sierras, where he slung rigging on the high line, drove teams and operated tractors. Each summer, for seven seasons, he earned his living in this manner. In the fall, he would return to Fresno to engage in carpenter and farm work during the winter.

When Hans came to America he could speak no English, and as a result met with difficulties, which confront other immigrants who know only their native language. But he was persistent in his efforts to learn English. One of his reasons for going to the logging camp each summer was to break the contact with his Danish countrymen. There were a large number of Danes in and about the Fresno district. Constant association with them interfered with his progress in learning the new language. However, six months after he came to California he was able to speak, read and write English as

well as he does today.

In the early part of 1920, while living at a hotel in Fresno, Hans became acquainted with an English woman--the mother of three children-- who was stopping at the same hotel. The children were 7, 8 and 12 years of age. While on a visit to Portland, Oregon, the woman wrote Hans and expressed the desire that the friendship be continued through correspondence. Through this exchange of letters, a friendly relationship ripened. The woman returned to Fresno and was married to Hans in December, 1920.

When a depression struck the raisin industry in the San Joaquin Valley in 1923, conditions became extremely bad throughout that section. Unable to obtain work at satisfactory wages, Hans migrated to Los Angeles County with his family, settling in Long Beach. Although the sudden collapse of farm produce prices had demoralized the farming industry, building and construction work was still in progress, and Hans was able to support himself, and his family, by doing carpenter work.

Because of his diminished income, discord entered Hans' domestic life. In 1931 he was divorced from his wife. He holds no ill feeling toward his adopted country for these reversals in his fortune, though he believes that family separations are less likely to occur in his native Denmark, where monetary gain and social position are given little significance. Women there, he holds, are inclined to accept

Black - 10-8-36
Edit--Hanley - 10-12-36

Racial Minorities Survey
Danish

conditions as they exist, or more readily adjust themselves to changed conditions, at least, they will accept lost advantage with less complaint.

His home ties broken, Hans moved to a small foothill city, where he found a job in a little restaurant which specialized in serving ravioli and chicken dinners. His duties were washing pots and pans, peeling potatoes and sweeping the floors. He also ground the meat and vegetables for the ravioli, which were made in Russian style, and slaughtered and dressed the poultry.

For his services, Hans was paid \$15 a month, with his room and board included. He lived in a one room cabin a few yards from the restaurant. It was furnished with a bed, a chair, and a washbowl and pitcher. Hans adapted himself quickly to a single life, and grew more content each day with his new occupation.

Hans is still working in the little restaurant, (1936) and assists with the cooking and waits on tables when rush business comes. There are days, even weeks, when he takes over the entire management. His salary has been raised to \$30 a month, and he has moved into a room in a small cottage.

His unfortunate matrimonial venture had exhausted his savings account. When he came to the little foothill restaurant, he was very much "run down at the heel." But things are better now. The restaurant business has improved. Hans has brightened up his appearance along with the estab-

lishment in which he works. He appears daily in the job with clean, pressed trousers where once they were soiled and wrinkled. His blue or tan shirt is freshly ironed, and he walks on solid shoe leather. A crisp, white apron sets off a more prosperous appearance.

Although the restaurant is off the beaten path, people come long distances to patronize it because of the distinctive food that is served. The woman who operates the business has gained a great reputation for her fried chicken and Russian ravioli. She herself is of Russian birth. Whatever the extent of Hans' romantic interest in her may be, he regards her highly and always strives to please her. He may have hopes.

Hans is loyal to American institutions and feels that America has returned in full measure what he has contributed to it. He holds no deep sentiment toward his native country and has no desire to return to Denmark.

Leonard E. Miller
5-11-37
Edit. Holland
5-11-37

- RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY: DANISH

Anna Henningsen, nee Leth, was born over 70 years ago in Jutland. Her father was a miller and farmer near Aalborg, and among her earliest memories are recollections of being awakened by the grinding of ponderous machinery in the old, Dutch type wind-mill.

This mill, with its four long wooden vanes, stood near the rambling old farm house. Close to the other side of the house were the farm buildings, with a court yard in between. In the long winter months it was possible to attend to the necessary domestic duties without too much exposure to the icy winds that swept across the bay, and swirled the dry snow in little eddies on the broad window-sills.

Besides little Anna, there were seven other children, her parents, and an aged grandfather. The grandfather sat by the fire, wearing a tasseled skull-cap. On Sundays and holidays her father wore a heavy black suit, her mother a black dress, with a handkerchief pinned on her head. While the family was not wealthy, it was not poverty-stricken, and there was always plenty to eat for everyone. Clothes were made over, handed down, and well patched, yet they were always warm, and each member of the family had a good outfit for special occasions.

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Edit. Holland-5-11-37

Racial Minorities Survey
Danish

The father's milling business seems to have been a sort of side line. He ground grain for the neighbors, keeping part of the flour for his fee. After harvest he was busy, grinding far into the night, and then selling such of his share as he did not need in the city. But most of the year the mill was idle, and the time of the family was taken up with regular farm work--dairying, gardening, poultry, and looking after the cattle.

The family was happy. In the evenings there was singing, talk, and story telling. Often in the summer meals would be eaten out of doors. And there were always the important church festivals and holidays to be looked forward to. Sundays were family picnic days, only the absolutely necessary work being done. After church there would be walks in the country, or rambles through the town. Most popular were excursions to the water front, and across the fjord on a pontoon bridge.

The principle holidays were Christmas eve, birthdays, and most important of all for the individual--confirmation. All holidays were celebrated with feasting, and much visiting between friends and neighbors. On Christmas eve there was always a huge tree, decorated with candles and popcorn and food. For days before Christmas the kitchen bustled with activity. Huge dishes of cookies and cakes of all kinds were baked. Little Anna seeded raisins, chopped nuts, and probably got pretty much in the way. But she was beginning to learn

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Edit. Holland-5-11-37

Racial Minorities Survey
Danish

her most important lesson--how to cook. For every Danish woman, from the queen down, is a good cook. And every Danish man, from the king down, is a connoisseur of food, and demands the best.

So the Leth family lived well, not only on holidays, but every day. Eggs from the poultry yard, rich thick cream from the red Danish cattle. Coffee was served at every meal, but the children were not allowed to have it until they had been confirmed. Confirmation marked the attainment of adult status.

When Anna was 7 years old she started to school. She went only half a day according to her recollection, but it seems that the work was intensive, and the actual time put in may have been the equivalent of a full day. Subjects taught were the usual elementary subjects, German, world history, and religious instruction. There was some gymnasium work, and instruction in health and hygiene.

She attended school until she was 14. At home she learned how to cook, how to sew, how to take care of a house. Problems of child care were learned from experience, there were always plenty of babies to practice on. She helped take care of the garden and the chickens, she milked cows and made butter.

When she was 15 years old she was confirmed, and become officially an adult. Lars Henningsen, a neighbor boy, began calling at the house, and bringing her little gifts. Lars was a few years older, he had gone to the continuation high

Leonard E. Miller-5-11-37
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Racial Minorities Survey
Danish

school, and had taken a course in scientific dairying. Eventually they were married, exchanging rings, after which there was an elaborate wedding feast, with drinking of hot punch.

Lars had been working for some time before the wedding, had money saved up, and the plan was to go to America as soon as they were married. He had a job promised on a dairy farm near Rochester, New York, as soon as he could take it. Another neighbor was already working there, had told the owner about Lars, and the owner had said to come on. Denmark at that time particularly was the center of scientific dairy farming, and anyone who had taken the high school course, besides having practical experience, was sure of a job.

So shortly after the wedding the couple went to Esbjerg, and sailed for the New World. Mrs. Henningsen remembers she was sick most of the way across, and fear of the trip has kept her from planning to return to Denmark for a visit.

The couple worked in New York State for about five years, during which time they saved enough for Lars to buy a farm. He then moved to Michigan, and lived there, a prosperous dairy farmer, until his death a few years ago. Then Mrs. Henningsen sold the farm, and came to California to live with her married daughter in Glendale, and a son who is working for the Santa Fe RR in San Bernardino.

Mrs. Henningsen apparently had no difficulty in adjusting herself to the new environment when she arrived in America. Most of her friends have been Danish, and she attends a

Leonard E. Miller-5-11037
Edit. Holland-5-11-37

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Danish

Danish Lutheran church when she is able to go. But she quickly learned English, and considers herself an American. She is unusually quick for her age, intelligent, and shows an unusual grasp of events and world affairs.

She has had four children, all born in this country. Danish was spoken to a considerable extent in the home when they were young, but since they have grown up they do not use the language, or have any particular Danish contacts. The second generation are thoroughly Americanized.

She believes they bettered themselves by coming to America, but explains that this was possible at that time because the country was growing, and there was more land. Outside of this advantage, she believes Denmark is a better and more progressive country than America. She told me what progress Denmark had made in social consciousness, the cooperative movement, old age pensions, etc.

"Even when I was a girl," she said, "the government would arrange free vacations in the country for poor children in the cities, giving free transportation on the state owned railroads."

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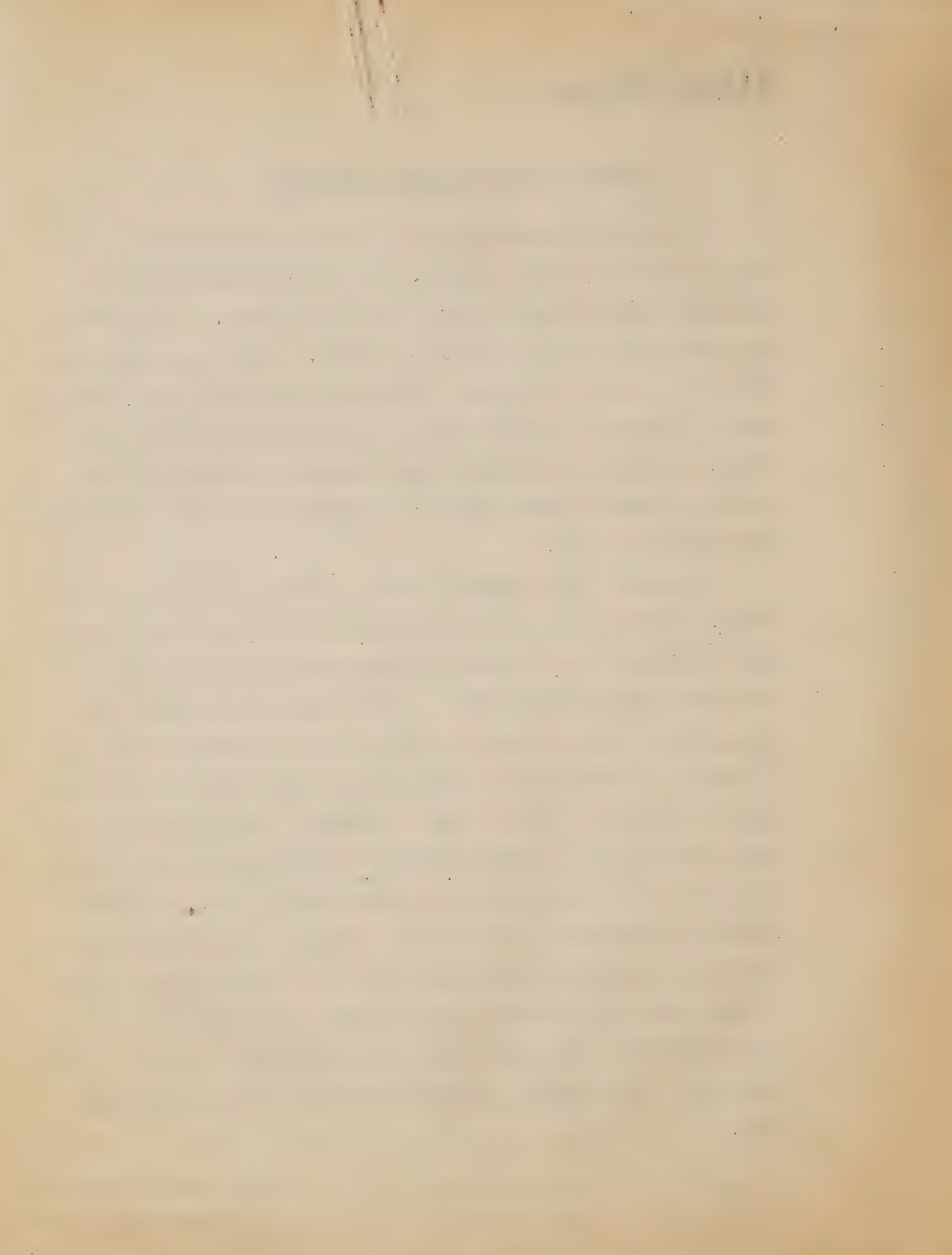
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West-11/12/36
Lit. Apt-11/13/36

RACIAL MINORITY SURVEY - DANISH

I was born 76 years ago, in the district of Velle, on the island of Lolland, Denmark. I was the youngest of ten children, five of whom were boys and five girls. One brother and one sister had died before my birth. I was but nine years old when I came to America. Sixty-seven years is a very long time to remember a great deal about Denmark and my home life there. Of course, there are some things that cling to the memory of even a young child, so I shall try to tell them in the best way that I can.

My parents were peasant farmers, though not of the poorest class. To the best of my knowledge, none of us children were ever compelled to go without the necessary things of life. We had plenty of wholesome food to eat, comfortable clothes to wear, and we were not put to a life of hard work and drudgery. In fact, I believe that we children had more time to play than any of the other children whom I remember. There were times, I know, when I used to wait anxiously for hours, sometimes days, for some of my playmates to come and play with me. I didn't really get lonesome, with so many brothers and sisters -- and we were a congenial, happy family -- but it was always a treat to have our little friends come to visit us. We had no next-door neighbors, like people have in America who live in cities and towns. Our nearest neighbors were more than half a mile away.



Black-11/12/36
Part-11/13/36

Racial Minority Survey-English

We lived on a farm that was considered very large in Denmark. I do not know just how large it was, but there must have been two or three hundred acres in my father's farm, counting the meadow lands and the peat beds. My father was a cattle trader. There were always, at least, 150 head of cattle on the place at one time. He raised enough oats, barley and timothy to put up to feed the cattle and horses through the winter. I guess the most work that we children had was to tend the cattle while they grazed in the pasture lands.

The farm buildings were arranged in the shape of a rectangle. There were four buildings, one of which was the house in which we lived. Then there was a barn, a feed shed, and a place where the implements and tools were kept. The buildings were located on high ground, overlooking a beautiful stream which cut through the lower end of the farm. It was the river of which I have the fondest recollections. We children spent so many hours playing along its banks. And it was shallow enough so that we could wade in it. Inside of the rectangle formed by the buildings was a court. In this space were planted trees, flowers, and little plots of vegetables.

Most of the farm houses in Denmark were built of brick, but all of the buildings on father's farm were made of cut stone, so well formed that one might think they had been chiseled out by a sculptor. There was a large room used as a dining room for the farm help. Father always kept three or four farm hands regularly, and at times he had extra help. In the worker's dining room was a long table on which the meals were served. The men sat on a bench in place of chairs. A smaller room was used

Black-11/13/36
Bart-11/13/36

Racial Minority Survey-Danish

as a dining room and living room by the family.

The floors were made of clay, packed so hard that they appeared to be cement. Every few days white sand was sprinkled over the floors, then they were scrubbed bright and clean. The beds were permanently built into what might be called an alcove in the wall of the living room. Each bed was separated from the next by a stone partition. Each compartment had a separate door. In the kitchen was a stove, built of stone, with two compartments. Sheet iron was laid over the top of the cooking compartment, on which were placed the cooking pots and pans. The other compartment was the bake oven. The loaves of bread were placed in the oven, and removed by long handled paddles. I don't think that such high ovens are used as much in Denmark as now. Most of the farmers send their grain to the mill, nowadays, and exchange it for bread, I am told. Then there was a tall, narrow heater in the living room, built of stone, with a fire box at the top. Once the walls were heated through, they would remain warm for some hours. On cold days, I can remember how I used to stand in the open space and enjoy the warmth. Often, we children would take our turn standing in the heater. Peat and bundles of dried heather were burned for fuel.

While a child in Denmark, I was ill with malaria a great deal of the time. I never went to school until I was past eight years of age -- then only for a few days. Perhaps a month was all that I ever attended public school. But I was an ambitious child, and wanted to have an education. The days that I lay in bed, sick with fever, I would read most of the time, and try to study things out for myself. When I came to America I knew the

Black-11/15/36
 Pitt-Dart.11/15/36

Racial Minority Survey-Danish

English language very well. I read a lot of history, and was constantly reading the Bible, especially the New Testament.

All of our food was raised on the farm. Most often we would have meat and potatoes for our dinner. Of course, we had plenty of milk to drink. Potatoes, beets, turnips, peas, cabbage came from the garden.

Mother would spend a week baking and preparing fancy foods for Christmas and the New Year. The holiday celebration would begin on Christmas eve and continue for a week after the New Year. A special Christmas treat was a head cheese - mother always made. The meat from the head of a pig was spiced, pressed together and baked. White bread was served for the holiday feast, but I much preferred to eat pumpernickel. We had zwieback and little nut-like cookies mother made from long strips of dough, spiced and browned. Cakes, and other rich foods were made. We had all the duck and chicken we could eat, and cranberry sauce from cranberries gathered in a nearby marsh.

We played ball and games with cards. Cards were played more than any other game when we were children. We would bet apples and little inexpensive trinkets on the games. Later, I came to look upon it as gambling, but it was done in an innocent way at the time. Father was a generous man - always trying to make us happy. Once a year he would take us to the district fair, where we rode on the merry-go-round the Ferris wheel. He brought many things home to us from town - china dolls, candy, toys and trinkets.

Black-11/13/56
 Whit. 11/13/56

Racial Minority Survey-Danish

In the winter time we had great fun tobogganing and riding on our home made sleds. We would skate on the ice when it was thick enough. You know, it seldom got colder than fifteen or twenty degrees above zero in Denmark. We had our little dinner parties, when our playmates would be invited in. We would eat sandwiches and cake - drink coffee and home brew, and play games. Many times mother would play with us.

Mother was a superstitious woman. I believe that father, too, confused religion with superstition. They lived under the feudal system, when such things as killing deer, which entered the domain on their own accord, were considered unpardonable offenses. Mother told of how often she was conscious of gilded carriages, drawn by beautiful black horses with clanking harnesses of silver, entering her premises at night. I believe in witchery, spells. When a child, I knew of strange people who could perform unusual good and evil deeds. Once I fell into the potato pit and dislocated my shoulder. It was harvest time, and father was too busy to take me to a doctor. So mother took me to a wise man who lived in a house furnished him by the government. He had a reputation for doing miraculous deeds. When we got there, he simply ran his hand over my shoulder -- then told me to run home and read my books. I did that very thing, and never had a bit of trouble with my shoulder after that.

One night our parents drove away with the team and left us children alone in the house. All of a sudden, we heard horses with clanking harnesses of silver enter the yard. We ran to the door but nothing was to be seen. When we heard them come the

Black-11/13/36
 Mitt. Mart-11/13/36

Racial Minority Survey-Danish

third time we were fearful and afraid to go to the door. But the horses came into the yard-I know that. I have many times cured warts by tying strings around them and allowing the strings to remain until they had rotted. One night we were all sitting in the living room, when we heard a knock, knock on the wall. Mother said it meant that we were going to move. In a short time we were on our way to America.

Father was not really religious, but he was kind and just, and had hard horse sense. He was a successful farmer; knew soils and how to analyze them. He had a good knowledge of mathematics, and often did surveying for other farmers. Many people sought him for advice. For a while he operated a slaughter house, then started a brick yard. He was handy at all kinds of cement work, and built cisterns. Although my father was looked upon in Denmark as no more than a peasant, he was far above the average person in intelligence and practical knowledge. He had little regard for the Lutheran priests, and classed them all as hypocrites. He assumed this attitude toward them because they were always exacting money from their people. When a child was baptized, he said, the priests demanded a fee for their service, and a fee from each of the several witnesses which were required to be present when such ceremonies were performed. Mother was a sincere Christian, and constantly read the Bible and the Lutheran hymns.

One evening my father called the family together and asked each one of us if we would not like to go to America. He said he believed the United States would offer him a greater opportunity, and that we children would have a broader and freer education.

Black-11/18/36
 Edit. Hurt-11/18/36

Racial Minority Survey-Danish

We left Copenhagen in 1869 and sailed direct for New York on a through steamer. I thought New York was a terrible place when I landed there. It was so hot and disagreeable. Everything seemed to be helter skelter, and out of tune with what I had been accustomed to. After several days in New York, we left for Chicago on the first train I had ever seen. We settled at Waukegan, Wisconsin, where father bought a few acres of land and some cows. When I had finished my high school course I went to Chicago and spent two years at the Chicago training school for nurses. This school was connected with the Cook County Hospital. I was married in Chicago in 1888. My husband had been a student at a Chicago seminary. I was attracted to him by his scholarly discussions of religious subjects during his public lectures, which I frequently attended.

Soon after our marriage, my husband contracted tuberculosis. Upon the advice of a doctor, we came to California in 1893. Three years after establishing our home in Sierra Madre, my husband passed away. That was 40 years ago. I have lived in Sierra Madre ever since. We had five children. Two sons are now living in Sierra Madre. In order to bring up my youngest son, I accepted a position as city nurse of Sierra Madre. I was engaged in that work for seven years.

I have had a terrible struggle through the depression. My youngest son's health became so poor that he was forced to accept county relief. He became interested in, and gave considerable time to, the cooperative relief movement in Sierra Madre. My

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Edit. Part-11/13/36

Racial Minority Survey-Danish

oldest son had all he could do to keep his own family, so was unable to contribute much to my support. Conditions seem to be better now, so I am hopeful of having a few things for myself again. My little home here is not much, but I try to keep it clean and home-like. I have just taken in a woman to room here. This arrangement will give a little more income, as well as giving me some companionship.

I have no desire to live in any other place but America. My father made several trips back to Denmark before he died, but I am satisfied to be here. Nothing interests me much now but my religion. That is the only thing from which I can get comfort and satisfaction. I read the Bible every day just as regularly as I eat my meals. But the inspiration I get from the Bible is the real food of life. My mother lived to the age of 72. My father died at the age of 94.

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Leonard E. Miller
2-16-37
Edit. Holland
2-17-37

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

Over six feet tall, with calm blue eyes deeply set in sharply chiseled features, Poul Fricke clearly shows the Viking strain. From the sculptor's point of view, some racial types seem moulded, with the harmonious curves and smooth surfaces of a Greek statue. But the Dane, even more than other Scandinavian races, justifies a cubistic treatment. Here are no Hogarthian lines, but planes and angles--the virile surface of a flint arrowhead.

Poul Fricke's manner and bearing seems at first almost Prussian. Yet what appears to be supercilious superiority, is found to be merely suspicious reserve--the defence mechanism of a bashful introvert. Heredity and early environment have accentuated these characteristics. For he was born in the upper middle class of Copenhagen, and his schooling was accompanied by stern military discipline.

"I was born in 1898", said Mr. Fricke. "My father was a civil engineer. The family, consisting of two brothers and myself, father, mother, and a grandmother, lived in Baldersgade, a fashionable suburb of Copenhagen. My father was a stern, silent man."

"I can remember no singing or prayers in our family," continued Mr. Fricke. "The poems and tales of Hans Christian Andersen were known to us, as well as some Scandinavian history and folk lore. But while my family was not irreligious,

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Danish

definite religious education was left to the school. The state religion of Denmark is Lutheran, and two hours instruction each week is required in all schools, private as well as public.

"My childhood play was with my brothers, and children in the neighborhood. The back yard of our house was cement, and this made a splendid place to spin tops. Our tops were spun by striking them with a whip, and the object was to keep them spinning as long as possible. Another favorite game was tossing buttons. Each child had a collection of buttons of all kinds, especially gold military buttons from uniforms. By common consent buttons had definite and various values. I remember I once got hold of some French buttons, and these were in great demand.

"The game was to toss buttons against the wall, and the button alighting closest to the wall won the toss. Other pastimes were skating, kite flying, and sliding.

"At that time the public school system was not as well developed as now, and most children of my class were sent to private schools. I entered a boy's school run by an ex-army officer, a friend of my father's. The discipline was strict, but the courses were well arranged and well taught. School opened each day in the gymnasium hall, where the entire student body gathered to sing a psalm. Then all dispersed to the class rooms. About twenty pupils were in each class--

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which allowed considerable individual instruction and supervision. Each week the entire school gathered for the necessary two hour religious instruction, which included the singing of Danish folk songs."

Mr. Fricke believes one of the weaknesses of the American school system is the lack of emphasis on languages. As he points out, there is no reason to delay the teaching of languages until high school years. Furthermore, the emphasis in this country is on grammar and academic abstractions, rather than conversational familiarity. I agree with him thoroughly from my own experience. I have had two years French and two years German, and I would probably starve to death in a restaurant in either country. Even nine years of Latin have not qualified me to actually speak the language. Many years ago as a teacher I attempted to introduce conversational Latin, but the experiment was frowned upon. Language instruction in this country has for its ultimate aim the proper conjugation of verbs.

Furthermore, languages are easier learned in early childhood. Witness the easy bilingualism of the children of foreign born parents. In the Danish schools English and German are taught from the fourth grade, and French in the sixth grade. "By the time I was ready for high school," said Mr. Fricke, "I could carry on a conversation in three foreign languages, as could all the other pupils in the school I attended."

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Mr. Fricke also a private high school. But the completion of this course gave him the equivalent of a junior college in this country. "The two reasons for this", Mr. Fricke explained, "are that study is more intensive in Denmark, and vacations are shorter. One weeks vacation was allowed at Christmas, and only a few weeks in the summer. There is no reason for the long summer vacation in this country."

The weeks vacation at Christmas, however, was the highlight of the year to the boy. Christmas Eve marked the climax of the celebration, with a gaily decorated tree, feasting, drinking, and gifts. The Christmas tree was left standing until well along in January. It seemed to him there was less commercialization of Christmas, but he admitted that this was probably a childhood impression, and a characteristic of that particular period, rather than a national characteristic.

Having determined on an agricultural career, Mr. Fricke served a three year apprenticeship on a large estate after leaving high school. In Denmark it is customary to serve a practical apprenticeship in a selected profession before taking specialized technical training. This gives a man a practical familiarity with his subject on which to base his specialized education. The details of his study do not then seem abstract and academic--and this may be a better method than ours of giving technical training to men who do not have the practical foundation on which to evaluate it.

After serving his three years apprenticeship, Mr. Fricke took an intensive year and a half course in scientific dairy

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agriculture. Then at the age of 24, he felt the urge for adventure, and came to this country with no particular plan in mind, but hoping to make a study of agriculture in the United States, with the expectation of getting some new ideas.

"In this," he said, "I was sadly disappointed. I found that even on the large dairy farms that I visited and worked on in New York State, this country is far behind Denmark. Scientific agriculture, which even the small farmer in Denmark understood and appreciated, was not only almost unknown, but even sneered at. The farmer in this country was not interested in the chemical composition of his soil, the determination of the proper fertilizer, and its scientific use. Milk production was almost invariably far below that which was possible. Diplomatic suggestions which, if accepted, would have increased the farmer's income, were often received in anger, and the stated or implied reply that 'no foreigner can come over here and tell me what to do.'" Not even in the most rural districts of Denmark will you find the stubborn ignorance and provincialism that I discovered on large farms within a short distance of the largest city in the United States.

"Convinced that I could learn nothing from the American farmer, I accepted a position as riding master on a Connecticut estate, still intending to go back home disillusioned. But I came to like the country, and made a trip to Texas, to study cattle raising. Here I found the same provincial attitude, and to me, who had been trained in a country where agriculture must be highly scientific and efficient, I found the

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same happy-go-lucky inefficiency.

"I had made friends here, and had decided to stay in this country. I was disgusted with the lack of cooperation I found among farmers, and decided to go into business. Through influential friends at home I obtained a post with a large Danish steamship company with offices all over the world, and have been located in the Los Angeles offices for the past six years. I had taken out my first citizenship papers here, but after receiving this appointment, it seemed better to retain my Danish citizenship, as at any time I might be transferred to some other country.

"I married an English girl in this country, and we have one child 5 years old. We do not speak Danish at home, as I prefer to improve my English. We have made one visit abroad since our marriage, visiting both England and Denmark. I belong to a few Danish organizations, and occasionally read Danish newspapers. Yet our social acquaintanceship is by no means confined to, or even predominately, Danish compatriots.

"As to my impressions of this country, I can only say that I have the friendliest feeling and sympathies with the United States and admiration for many of her institutions. Any criticism which I may have is offered in the friendliest spirit.

"The greatest defect in American character is the tendency to feel that if a thing is American, it must therefore

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be the best possible, and any suggestion of improvement or revision borders on sacrilege. America can learn much from Denmark, if she will. Less than 10 per cent of the farms in Denmark are tenant operated. Denmark has had old age pensions for 40 years, financed by heavy inheritance taxes on large fortunes. We spend almost as much for the old age pensions as military and naval defence. It is amusing to a Dane to observe the attitude that the New Deal is revolutionary. Most of the things the New Deal is trying to accomplish have been done as a matter of course in Denmark at lower interest rates than in the United States. Even pawn shops are government operated, and can charge only a small interest rate. The cooperative movement is more thoroughly developed than in any other country in the world, not excluding Sweden.

"American has tremendous natural resources. Denmark has almost none. The success that America has obtained is due more to natural wealth than the ability of the nation. The great need of this country is education--and something which will jolt them out of their provincial egotism. There are many great thinkers and leaders here. But I honestly believe that if you would take 100 people at random in this country, and 100 at random in Denmark, the Danes would not only have a higher average of intelligence, but would be far more capable of intelligent government.

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Denmark

1503

Dr. Paul Radin:

The subject of this narrative was born in Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark.

He came ~~here~~ ^{as} a young boy and was apprenticed to a blacksmith who had also come from Denmark and had settled in the Salinas Valley, where there were many farmers.

The principal crops at that time in this locality were wheat and barley, ~~and~~ Salinas then was the center of trading, ~~for~~ it was the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad on the Coast division and the farmers and ranchers used to bring in their crops and drive in their cattle from as far south as Paso Robles. ~~It was~~ naturally made ~~this~~ ^{Salinas} a ~~very~~ flourishing town. ~~Although~~ ^{Most} of the farmers did their ~~business~~ ^{business} at the ranches, especially those ~~which~~ ^{were} located over twenty miles from town, ~~for~~ the

only means of conveyance was by team and the roads were very poor particularly in winter. ~~How~~ ^{and} ~~with~~ the advent of large farms which ~~they~~ ^{they} ranged from one thousand to five thousand acres ~~which~~ ^{and} necessitated the use of large gang plows, harrows and discs of heavy wear, much of this blacksmithing had to be done in town.

Wheat seldom sold for less than $\text{\$}1.50$ per hundred and the price was very cheap. A good farm hand received $\text{\$}15.00$ per month and board, the work hours were from sun rise to sunset and ~~they~~ ^{were forced to work by} lantern ~~was also used~~ ^{for good} measure.

On one occasion he worked for an Irishman who owned three thousand acres near Gonzales. ~~He~~ ^{man} came up to the loft of the barn where the men slept and would yell out about three o'clock in the morning, "my life - my life you'll rot in bed, you'll waste the best part of you."

life there," He said it seemed as though they had just gotten to bed ~~for~~ after working behind eight horses on a plough around a thousand acre field until dark, wash horses and feeding the horses and then after supper, water and carrying the horses, one did not have very much time to rest.

After serving one winter as farm hand he decided to go back to the blacksmith shop which he found quite ~~different~~ in contrast with the long hours on a ranch. Although the wages were not high, he was able after fifteen years to save enough to buy in a partner, ~~together with his services~~. He married the daughter of a well to do Danish farmer with whom he raised a family of three sons and one daughter.

In the course of time on account of the contract which he had with all the prosperous farmers, he became interested in the purchase of a ranch which he let out to one of his countrymen on a $\frac{1}{3}$ rental basis; ~~and~~ still continued in the blacksmith business. In five years thereafter one of his brothers bought a share in the business, and in a few years they became the sole owners of the business. ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~for~~ ~~years~~ the leading foundry in Salinas, until the advent of automobiles and tractors finally drove them from business, but not until they were in very comfortable circumstances.

Upon retiring he moved to San Francisco where he had a sister.

He says in those days a man knew what ~~a~~ good day's work and could be relied

upon to do it. The workmen were very
happy regardless of the long hours and
those who were willing to save had wonderful
opportunities to amass a comfortable estate.
~~This~~
~~which~~ could not have been done in Europe.

Submitted

S. J. [unclear]

DANISH

The subject of this narrative was born in Schleswig holstein. He came as a young boy and was apprenticed to a blacksmith, who had also come from Denmark and had settled in the Salinas Valley where there were many farmers. The principle crop, at that time, in this locality was wheat and barley. Salina, then, was the center of trading, as it was the terminus of the Southern Pacific Rail Road on the coast division. The farmers and rancers used to bring in their crops and drive in their cattle from as far south as Paso Robles, which naturally made this a very flourishing town.

Most of the farmers did their blacksmithing at the ranches, especially those which were located over twenty miles from town, as the only means of conveyance was by team and the roads were very poor, particularly in winter. Yet with the advent of large farms, which ranged from one thousand to five thousand acres, which necessitated the use of large gang plows, barrows and discs of heavy weight much of this blacksmithing had to be done in town. Wheat seldom sold for less than two dollars per hundred and the help was very cheap, a good farm hand received fifteen dollars per month

and board; the work hours were from sunrise to sunset and the lantern was also used for good measure.

On one occasion he worked for an Irishman who farmed three thousand acres near Gonzales, who came up to the loft of the barn where the men slept and would yell out about three o'clock in the morning, "My bye, my bye you'll rot in bed, you'll waste the best part of you life there." He said it seemed as though they had just gotten to bed as after walking behind eight horses on a plough around a thousand acre field until dark, unharnessed and feed the horses and then after supper, water and curry the horses, one did not have very much time to rest. After serving one winter as farmhand he decided to go back to the blacksmith shop, which he found quite easy in contrast with the long hours on a ranch. Although the wages were not high, he was able after fifteen years to save enough to buy in as partner together with his services. He married the daughter of a well to do Danish farmer. They raised a family of three sons and one daughter.

In the course of time on account of the contact which he had with all the prosperous farmers, he became interested in the purchase of a ranch which he let out to one of his

country man on a one third rental basis and continued in the blacksmith business. Five years after, one of his brothers bought a share in the business and in a few years they became the sole owners of the business. It was for years the leading foundry in Salinas, until the advent of automobiles and tractors finally drove them from business, but not until they were in very comfortable circumstances.

Upon retiring, he moved to San Francisco where he had a sister. He says in those days a man knew what a good days work was, and could be relied upon to do it. The workmen were very happy regardless of the long hours and those who were willing to save had wonderful opportunities to amass a comfortable estate, which could not have been in Europe.

SOCIOLOGICAL

DANISH

Native Country: Denmark.

Occupation in Denmark: Agriculture and Stock Raising.

Reasons for leaving Denmark: To better financial conditions with better prospects of building up a fortune.

Living conditions in Denmark: Good, semi-modern homes with plenty of good food and clothing. Any grain raised was not sold but was fed to cattle which in turn was marketed.

Educational system in Denmark: Compulsory education for all between the ages of seven and fourteen years of age; free public schools up to and including High school

Political System in Denmark: All court Judges are educated for that position and before being appointed for their life-time, they are required to qualify and pass a severe examination. Any person who tried to tamper with the courts received long prison sentences, usually a life term.

Taxation System in Denmark: Land taxes very high and the bulk of taxation was placed on land, buildings, and personal earnings.

Military Service in Denmark: Compulsory military service of about one and one-half years between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years.

Old Age Pensions in Denmark: An old age pension system has been established, about 1860 and all dependent aged persons are well taken care of.

Occupations in United States: Store-keepers, farmers and various skilled trades.

Type or Class of Citizen: Thrifty, home-loving, honest and in fact one of the highest type of citizen we have.

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Edward S. Springer

DANISH

ODYSSEY OF A JANE

Mrs. M. was born in Copenhagen, Denmark fifty years ago. There were eight in her family including ~~the~~ mother and father, three sisters and two brothers. Her father was a carpenter, but never had ~~secured~~ really steady work. Mrs. M. explained that ^{he own} ~~the~~ country there was so densely populated that there were relatively few jobs in proportion to the number of workmen inhabiting the land.

When Mrs. M. was six years old, misfortune struck ^{them} ~~the family~~ with a heavy hand. Her father had been unable to secure any ~~carpenter~~ ^{any} work for quite some time, ~~and~~ ^{alive, he} in order to keep the family ~~living~~ had accepted a temporary job as a laborer in a livery stable in Copenhagen. Through a "grapevine" system her father had learned that he was soon to receive a "call" from the Navy to serve his time. Mrs. M. explained that in Denmark a man was expected to serve his military ^{time} ~~time~~ regardless of whether he was married or not, and that all young married men lived in fear of this, and went to many extremes to avoid it. Avoiding the call was difficult as the government orders were mandatory. Her father was very much worried over this call--not only ^{because} ~~for the sake~~ of his family but also ^{because} ~~with~~ many misgivings about his own future. In those days, for some reason or other, the naval men had been contracting malignant diseases, mostly in the form of fevers due to poor sanitation upon government ships. Hence, the fears of the father, ^{his gloomy future was brought home to him more pointedly} ~~his gloomy future was brought home to him more pointedly~~ when he remembered the fate of his brother. His brother had died just a short time ago from a disease contracted serving his ^{time} ~~time~~ in the Navy. ^{For these reasons} ~~Therefore~~, the father of Mrs. M. firmly made up his mind that if there was any sacrificing to be done ~~in physical forms~~, it would be for his family and not for a government he considered ~~as~~ cruel. So, upon taking

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the job at the livery stable he ^{adopted} ~~changed his name to a fictitious one.~~ ⁺¹

91 Very shortly ^{after} the call came designating him for three years' duty in the navy. He failed to answer the letter ~~and~~ immediately removed a few personal belongings from his home and moved into a little room above the livery stable. He said goodbye to his wife and children, took most of the money they had saved ~~which~~ ^{and} was no more than twenty dollars in our money, ~~and~~ told his wife that he was going to get to America some ^{on other} way and would send for her and the family as soon as possible ~~that~~ ^{which} such a plan of procedure ~~was~~ ^{seemed} far better than that faced them in Denmark. He particularly warned his wife to say nothing to anyone ~~and~~ instructed her to say that he had deserted her and that was all she knew, and especially to tell ^{this} ~~that~~ to the military police who would ~~unfailing~~ ^{which} be there at the house to get him before many days had passed. His wife also understood that he would be unable to write to her as the military police would be on the ~~lookout~~ ^{in order to} watchout for just such letters ~~and~~ ^{Danish} intercept them. The Government had an uncanny habit of bringing deserters back from every part of the World if they learned their whereabouts. Mrs. M's father had made ~~the arrangement~~ ^{arrangement} with a trusted friend to communicate with ~~him~~ who would in turn communicate with ~~his~~ family when the time arrived for the family to join the father. This friend was in great fear of this plan and made the father agree not to communicate for at least a year as he was ~~also~~ in great dread of being found out and accused by the military police of abetting a deserter. The father agreed took his belongings from the livery stable and no more was heard of him for two years.

Mrs. M. describes the next two years as being nothing short of horrible.

~~However~~, Their immediate hopes were not to be realized and misfortune again clouded their sky of hopes. The mother was heavily in debt,

mostly for fuel which was one of the most necessary, ~~and yet expensive~~ living requirements in Copenhagen. ~~Debtors had started pressing her--~~

she realize ~~that~~ she could never take her family and depart still owing so much, for if the debtors discovered she had money with which to buy passage, to America they would find ~~devious~~ ways and means to hold her.

So, she wrote a letter to her husband, through the friend, ~~and~~ told him the situation and in the meantime used the money to rid herself of debt.

Almost two years passed ~~again~~ before the family again heard from its father.

This second period of two years was similar to the preceding.

~~Once~~ the mother still doing back-breaking work day and night, washing clothes. ~~But~~, They were a bit more fortunate and did not get into debt.

The days, weeks and months dragged monotonously, for they all were ~~overeager~~ to leave ^a ~~this~~ country they were fastly growing to hate. Finally,

a time came when to their great joy the friend presented the mother with a letter containing money from their father. The letter asked them to

come to him immediately and all instructions ~~were~~ contained. The father had moved and was in North Dakota working as a farmhand on a farm ~~adjacent~~

to Cavalier, ^{North Dakota.} ~~North Dakota.~~

Within a short time the family sailed. The trip was not especially eventful. They landed at Montreal, Quebec where they immediately entrained for North Dakota. They thought this was the most wonderful land in the world, being far above the fondest expectations ~~they had ever dreamed of.~~ They found that their father had secured permission from the

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on which

owner of the farm ~~whom~~ he was working, ~~for~~ to build a small shack out of waste lumber. He had this shack completed when the family arrived.

Mrs. M. was ~~now~~ *placed in* ten years old just at the time of arrival in North Dakota. She was ~~started~~ *placed in* to school immediately. She had many duties to perform, such as farm life would entail. The work was more like play, though when they thought of the starvation days in Copenhagen and compared those black days with ~~present~~ *the present* conditions. Plenty of good wholesome foodst ~~meat~~, potatoes, and fresh churned butter! Who ever heard of fresh churned butter for children of the poorer classes in Copenhagen?

The father was very ~~adept~~ *adept* at saving money. His earlier experiences had taught him the value of thrift. ~~So at the conclusion~~ *and* of three years he utilized his savings ~~by leasing~~ *and* a farm of his own in the same locality. Mrs. M. was now thirteen years of age. *IT* Now, in these days and in that section of the country, it was the custom for most of the children, *those of* exclusive of the wealthier class, to stop school around the age of twelve and ~~go as a hired man~~ *hire out some* at a nearby farm. The people she worked for were very ~~penurious~~ *stern* and worked her very hard. Her salary was four dollars per month. ~~But~~ *And* again fate decreed that she was not to be a boon companion of "Lady Luck." When her first months' salary became due and was not paid to her, she was informed that her father owed them money and they were crediting her salary against this debt. She was downhearted ~~for awhile~~ *but* but realized what great sacrifices her father had made to bring her to this country and deliver her from an existence of utter despair. As a consequence she bore no ill will towards her father and does not to this day. Her work was very hard, though and she had no time to herself except to sleep, ~~as~~ *and* her duties not only included housework but milking cows and even ~~to~~ cleaning out the barns. Mrs. M. remained in the employ of these people until she was seventeen years of age, never once receiving so much

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as one month's wages for herself—~~just~~ constantly working off her father's debt.

At the age of seventeen, Mrs. M. ~~mother~~ ^{married at the age of 17} insisted that Mr. M. ~~get~~ ^{into} married. Her mother had made a match which ~~was~~ ^{for her, this} also a nefarious custom of those days, ~~and insisted that Mrs. M. follow out her wishes.~~ The man was fourteen years older than Mrs. M. and practically a stranger to her, as she had only met him a few times. He had always endeavoured to court her, but she had managed to evade him ^{fairly} pretty well. However, her mother hastened matters and made all arrangements, as she wanted to see her daughter settled down for life. They were married in Cavaliere. ~~Immediately~~ Mrs. M.'s real troubles began.

Mrs. M.'s husband was a farmer. His father was dead, and his mother was dying of cancer and helpless in the farmhouse. This man was a farmer in name only, as Mrs. M. soon found out. He was an inveterate loafer and the farm was slowly going to wreck through his own negligence. Mrs. M. discovered early that the main reason he married her was to have someone to ^{take} work for him and care of his mother, ~~coupled with the fact that~~ ^{Besides,} she was young. As far as anything like love was concerned, this man did not know the meaning of it. His cruelty and conceit far overshadowed the plainest good attributes of the usual stolid class of farmer. He did not drink, but had a penchant for vacation and trips. Whatever money came in was quickly acquired by him and ~~expended in such a manner.~~ ^{spent for cards & P.} Mrs. M.'s life was far from pleasant. To make it more unpleasant, her mother-in-law proved to be ^{hell cat} a hellion. She very seldom had a kind word for Mrs. M. and would shout, rave, and curse from her bed at frequent intervals. Half of the mother-in-law's face was eaten away already from cancer. Mrs. M. ^{M.} had to care for this—there were days she had to force food down her as she had become deathly sick caring for her mother-in-law. She could not bring herself to describe many of the details concerning the care of this woman. She states that the

strongest of stomachs would stretch their linings to the heavens in
repulsion. For eight years she cared for this woman and the worthless
husband, doing light ~~work~~ ^{and} heavy work, ~~actual plowing~~ ^{for} eight years
she was sickened every summer by the constant burning of sulphur in the
house. The sulphur had to be kept burning continually to keep the flies
from the face of her mother-in-law.

At the ~~conclusion~~ of eight years of married life the mother-in-law died.
The farm had practically gone to ruin ~~and~~ there was not enough money coming
in to meet expenses, and the husband would not work. Mrs. M. went to work
as a cook in the ~~Hotel~~ in Cavalier. She cooked there for three years.
After that she started going from farm to farm cooking for harvesting
crews during the harvest seasons. She would cook for as many as sixty-
five men per day for periods averaging six weeks straight. She kept this
up for fifteen years ~~cooking during harvest times~~ ^{In between} ~~hotels other times~~ ^{she would cook at}
and also large farms. She made and saved good money which was put in a
joint bank account in Cavalier ~~in the name of~~ ^{made out in her name} ~~she and her husband~~. Un-
fortunately, the account was so arranged that her husband could draw
without her signature. This he did, and did it often, using the money for
long trips and vacations.

At the end of fifteen years of this hard labor, Mrs. M. gave birth
to twins. One lived ~~one was~~ ^{the other} still birth. ~~The girl lived~~ ^{born}, shortly after
the birth of the child, Mrs. M. went to the bank to draw out money to pay
the doctor and buy medicine. She was informed there was just exactly one
dollar in the bank and that her husband was away on a vacation. She firmly

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made up her mind that this was positively the end. She concluded that twenty years of married life of this character was enough of a trial. She was very bitter; she was in poor physical condition and the still birth had been caused by overwork. Despite her physical condition she went back to work and saved enough money to get as far away as possible British Columbia.

Mrs. M. left Cavalier without seeing her husband. The run-down farm was in her name. She was not interested--she left it, and took her baby to Vancouver, B.C. In Vancouver she immediately secured work as a chambermaid in a hotel where she worked for two years. She then decided to come to California where the climate would be better for her child. Upon arriving in California, (San Francisco), she started working by the day, waxing floors and house cleaning. She did this sort of work until 1924. She had saved enough money to enter into some kind of a small business venture which she wanted to do so she could be with her daughter more and get away from the hard work which was beginning to take its toll. Therefore, she purchased a lease on a small apartment house. Between 1924 and 1930 she had amassed around \$15,000 in successfully operating apartment houses. In 1930 she started losing, and due to crooked manipulating real estate operators and failing to consult attorneys she has lost everything and is now living with a widow who is fairly well-to-do. This widow pays her \$20 per month as a companion and also takes care of the needs of her daughter who is also living there and attending high school here in S.F. Mrs. M. bears no resentment for the way life has treated her and is quite happy and content over the future as she has a good home for life. Mrs. M.'s father and mother are both still living in Cavalier. He never became a citizen through fears that something of some character or other ~~may have~~ ~~dropped~~ up during the procedure which would have sent him back to Denmark where he would have been forced to serve his time. *learned in the Navy.*

DANISH

Mrs. M__ was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, fifty years ago. There were eight in her family, including mother and father, three sisters, and two brothers. Her father was a carpenter, but never had really steady work. Mrs. M__ explained that the country there was so densely populated that there were relatively few jobs in proportion to the number of workmen inhabiting the land.

When Mrs. M__ was six years old, misfortune struck the family with a heavy hand. Her father had been unable to secure any carpentry-work for quite some time. In order to keep the family alive, he had accepted a temporary job as a laborer in a livery stable in Copenhagen. Through a "grapevine" system her father had learned that he was soon to receive a call from the navy to serve his time. Mrs. M__ explained that in Denmark a man was expected to serve his military term regardless of whether he was married or not, and that all young married men lived in fear of this, and went to many extremes to avoid it. Avoiding the call was difficult as the government orders were mandatory. Her father was very much worried over this call--not only because of his family but also because of many misgivings about his own future. In those days, for some reason or other, the naval men had been contracting malignant diseases, mostly in the form of fevers due to poor sanitation upon government ships. Hence, the fears of the father. His

gloomy forebodings grew stronger when he remembered the fate of his brother. His brother had died just a short time ago from a disease contracted while serving his term in the navy. For the reasons, the father of Mrs M___ firmly made up his mind that if there any sacrificing to be done, it would be for his family and not for a government he considered cruel. So, upon taking the job at the livery stable, he adopted a fictitious name. Very shortly the call came designating him for three year's duty in the navy. He failed to answer the letter, immediately removed a few personal belongings from his home, and moved into a little room above the livery stable. He said goodbye to his wife and children, took most of the money they had saved, which was no more than twenty dollars in our money, and told his wife that he was going to get to America some way and would send for her and the family as soon as possible. Such a plan of procedure seemed far better than that which faced them in Denmark. He particularly warned his wife to say nothing to anyone. He instructed her to say the he had deserted her and that that was all she knew, and especially to tell that to the military police who would unfailingly be there at the house to get him before many days had passed. His wife also understood that he would be unable to write to her as the military police would be on the lookout for just such letters to intercept them. The Danish government had an uncanny habit of bringing desert^ers

back from every part of the world if they learned their whereabouts. Mrs. M's father had made arrangements to communicate with a trusted friend who would in turn communicate with the family when the time arrived for the family to join the father. This friend was in great of this plan and made the father agree not to communicate for at least a year as he was in great dread of being found out and accused by the military police of abetting a deserter. The father agreed, took his belongings from the livery stable, and no more was heard of him for two years.

Mrs. M describes the next two years as being nothing short of horrible. Their immediate hopes were not to be realized, and misfortune again clouded their sky of hopes. The mother was heavily in debt, largely for fuel which was one of the most necessary, as well as expensive, of the living requirements in Copenhagen. Debtors had started pressing her. She realized that she could never take her family and depart while owing so much, for if the debtors discovered she had money with which to buy passage to America, they would find devious ways and means to hold her. So she wrote a letter to her husband, through the friend; told him the situation, and in the meantime used the money to rid herself of debt. Almost another two years passed before the family again heard from its father.

This second period of two years was similar to the preceding. The mother still did back-breaking work, day

and night, washing clothes. They were a bit more fortunate, however, and did not get into debt. The days, weeks, and months dragged on monotonously, for they were all very eager to leave this country they were fastly growing to hate. Finally, a time came when, to their great joy, the friend presented the mother with a letter containing money from their father. The letter asked them to come to him immediately, and contained all instructions. The father had moved and was in North Dakota working as a farmhand on a farm near the town of Cavalier North Dakota.

Within a short time the family sailed. The trip was not especially eventful. They landed at Montreal, Quebec, where they immediately entrained for North Dakota. They thought this was the most wonderful land in the world, being far above their fondest expectations. They found that their father had secured permission, from the owner of the farm on which he was working, to build a small shack out of waste lumber. He had this shack completed when the family arrived.

Mrs. M__ was just ten years old at the time of arrival in North Dakota. She was placed in school immediately. She had many duties to perform, such as farm life would entail. The work was more like play, though, when they thought of the starvation days in Copenhagen and compared those bleak days with the new conditions. Plenty of good

wholesome food: meat, potatoes, and fresh churned butter. Who ever heard of fresh churned butter for children for children of the poorer classes in Copenhagen?

The father was very apt at saving money. His earlier experiences had taught him the value of thrift. At the end of three years, he used his savings to lease a farm of his own in the same locality. Mrs. M__ was now thirteen years of age.

Now, in these days and in that section of the country, it was the custom for most of the children, exclusive of those of the wealthier class to stop school around the age of twelve and hire out at some nearby farm. The people she worked for were very close-fisted and worked her very hard. Her salary was four dollars per month. Again fate decreed that she was not to be a boon companion of "Lady Luck." When her first month's salary became due and was not paid to her, she was informed that her father owed them money and that they were crediting her salary against this debt. She was downhearted for awhile, but realized what great sacrifices her father had made to bring her to this country and deliver her from an existence of utter despair. As a consequence she bore no ill will towards her father and does not to this day. Her work was very hard, though, and she had no time to herself except to sleep. Her duties not only included housework but milking cows and even

clearing out the barns. Mrs. M__ remained in the employ of these people until she was seventeen years of age, never once receiving so much as one month's wages for herself, but constantly working off her father's debt.

At the age of seventeen, Mrs. M__ married at the insistence of her mother, who had made a match for her. This was also a nefarious custom of those days. The man was fourteen years older than Mrs. M__, and practically a stranger to her, as she had only met him a few times. He had always endeavoured to court her, but she had managed to evade him fairly well. However, her mother hastened matters and made all arrangements, as she wanted to see her daughter settled down for life. They were married in Cavalier. Immediately Mrs. M__'s real trouble began.

Mrs. M__'s husband was a farmer. His father was dead, and his mother was dying of cancer and helpless in the farmhouse. This man was a farmer in name only, as Mrs. M__ soon found out. He was an inveterate loafer, and the farm was slowly going to wreck through his own negligence. Mrs. M__ discovered early that the main reason he married her was to have someone to work for him and take care of his mother. Besides, she was young. As far as anything like love was concerned, this man did not know the meaning of it. His cruelty and conceit far overshadowed the plainest good attributes of the usually stolid class of farmer. He did not drink, but had a penchant for

vacations and trips. Whatever money came in was quickly acquired by him and spent for such ends.

Mrs. M__'s life was far from pleasant. To make it more unpleasant, her mother-in-law proved to be a hellion. She very seldom had a kind word for Mrs. M__, and would shout, rave, and curse from her bed, at frequent intervals. Half of the mother-in-law's face was already eaten away. Mrs. M__ had to care for this. There were days she had to force her own food down as she had become deathly sick caring for her mother-in-law. She could not bring herself to describe many of the details concerning the care of this woman. She states that the strongest of stomachs would stretch their linings to the heavens in repulsion. For eight years she cared for this woman and the worthless husband, doing light and heavy work, even plowing. For eight years she was sickened every summer by the constant burning of sulphur in the house. The sulphur had to be kept burning continually to keep the flies from the face of her mother-in-law.

At the end of eight years of married life, the mother-in-law died. The farm had practically gone to ruin, there was not enough money coming in to meet expenses, and the husband would not work. Mrs. M__ went to work as a cook in the hotel in Cavalier. She cooked there for three years. After that she started going from farm to farm cooking for harvesting crews during the harvest seasons. She would cook for as many as sixty-five men per day for periods

averaging six weeks straight. She kept this up for fifteen years. In between harvest times, she would cook at hotels and also large farms. She made and saved good money which was put in a joint bank account in Cavalier made out in her own name and that of her husband. Unfortunately, the account was so arranged that her husband could draw money without her signature. This he did, and did it often, using the money for long trips and vacations.

At the end of fifteen years of this hard labor, Mrs. M__ gave birth to twins. One lived, the other was stillborn. Shortly after the birth of the child, a girl, Mrs. M__ went to the bank to draw out money to pay the doctor and buy medicine. She was informed there was just exactly one dollar in the bank, and that her husband was away on a vacation. She firmly made up her mind that this was positively the end. She concluded that twenty years of married life of this character was enough of a trial. She was very bitter; she was in poor physical condition and the still birth had been caused by overwork. Despite her physical condition she went back to work and saved enough money to get as far away as possible__British Columbia.

Mrs. M__ left Cavalier without seeing her husband. The run down farm was in her name. She was not interested-- she left it, and took her baby to Vancouver, British Columbia. In Vancouver she immediately secured work as a chambermaid in a hotel, where she worked for two years.

She then decided to come California where the climate would be better for her child. Upon arriving in California, San Francisco, she started working by the day, waxing floors and cleaning house. She did this sort of work until 1924.

By this time, she had saved enough money to enter into some kind of a small business venture, which she wanted to do so that she could be with her daughter more and get away from the hard work which was beginning to take its toll. Therefore, she purchased a lease on a small apartment house. Between 1924 and 1930 she amassed around fifteen thousand dollars in successfully operating apartment houses. In 1930 she started losing, and due to crooked manipulating by real estate operators and failing to consult attorneys, she has lost everything and is now living with a widow who is fairly well to do. This widow pays her twenty dollars per month as a companion, and also takes care of the needs of the daughter who is also living there and attending high school here in San Francisco.

Mrs. M__ bears no resentment for the way life has treated her and is quite happy and content over the future, as she has a good home for life. Mrs. M_'s father and mother are both still living in Cavalier. Her father never became a citizen through fears that something of some character or other would crop up during the procedure which would have sent him back to Denmark where he would have been forced to serve his term in the navy.

DANISH

Hans was born in Denmark; there were four children in the family. When Hans was seven years old, his father died, and his mother sold the farm and took her children to the city.

It was the custom in those days to leave the property to the oldest child, and this child paid installments to the rest of the children for the use of the farm. The other children going their own way.

When Hans was thirteen years old and had finished grade school he asked his mother for permission to go out into the world and make his own way. She granted permission and he shipped out on a Swedish merchant boat. He was hired as a cook, knowing absolutely nothing about cooking. The men gave him lessons and he worked from four o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening, and went to bed more dead than alive. The captain was unconcerned. He says very few captains were fatherly souls.

The next year he was promoted to deck work and received six dollars a month for this work. He shipped out on everything which sailed on water. During a storm one of the men had lightened the port holes with a wrench. This made them so tight that one of them exploded and the thick glass flew over the place, a piece of glass cutting Hans' chest and frightening the men almost to death.

Hans left one of his boats and wandered around South America. He was stranded because he could not speak the language. When the first Danish boat arrived in port he shipped out and this boat was headed for Canada. Reaching Canada he decided to homestead a farm, and with his buddy they homesteaded one hundred acres. They built a cabon sixteen feet by twenty feet, and picked potatoes for the farmers, on other farms.

One of their neighbors was crazy, he ate moldy flour, raw pork, berries and mushrooms. This man did not like strangers and was afraid of everyone. One day he disappeared and when found was almost frozen to death. He was taken away. Shortly after the crazy man left, Hans decided to ship out again. This time going to Seattle and from there to San Francisco.

For the last fifteen years he has been going to Alaska to fish. The California Packing Company fleet take their men up north, paying them \$150.00 for the trip. When they arrive they spend one month fixing nets an boats. They are permitted to do private fishing for themselves before and after the company's season. During the season they spend their entire time fishing for the company. They fish with nets for about eighteen or twenty hours, sleeping in the two man boats. On Wednesday they come in and unload as rapidly as possible going out again for another catch, and coming in Saturday night,

resting Sunday. They are paid nine and one-half cents per fish and must make the average of the company or they will not hire them the following year. Hans came back with some fish in crocks and seventeen hundred dollars in his pocket. He paid for his house and is now raising chickens, rabbits and a dog. He likes farming and in his spare time he runs a crane unloading ships and making more money. Someone at least has a job.

Leopard E. Miller
4-21-37
Edit - Holland
4-21-37

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

In her 70's, plump, poised and patrician, Mrs. Dagmar Wiggers received me in her little Hollywood apartment with condescending dignity. Rich, but slightly threadbare tapestry hung at the windows. In one corner stood an exquisite antique chest of drawers. On the chest was a beautifully illuminated triptych. Above this hung the painting of a girl in her early teens, well done in the manner of Zorn.

"My confirmation painting," she said, following my eye. "That was over 50 years ago."

I found myself developing an inferiority complex. Even a New York Graphic reporter would hesitate to ask her age. "I would like to learn something about conditions in Denmark when you were a child," I explained, "and your comparative impressions of this country," I felt that she would resent personal questions. I would read her own story between the lines.

Mrs. Wiggers was born in Aarhus, where runic stones still stand in memory of Harold Bluetooth, the grandfather of Canute the Great. Here is Marselisborg castle, the King's summer residence.

Her father was an important government official, and Dagmar was raised to be acutely conscious of the high social position of her family. At the age of 6, she entered an

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exclusive private school for girls. Coeducation in those days was for the lower classes, in the public schools.

The little girl was not allowed to play with public school children. There were occasional parties with friends of her own class, and schoolmates. These were usually birthday celebrations--birthdays were always important occasions. And in the winter skating parties would be given. Yet amusements were simple, and always well supervised. Simple games, singing and dancing, cakes, cookies and sandwiches.

Never was she allowed to stay up late. Life was a serious matter, 'noblesse oblige' the guiding principle of her education. Lessons were to be learned not merely well, but perfectly. If the day's lessons were not satisfactory, the teacher would go to the child's home, and tutor the child until the lesson was learned. And there was no play or recreation until the teacher was satisfied.

In Mrs. Wiggers' school there were about 16 to 18 girls in a class. School was held six days a week, with four weeks' vacation in the summer. Classes were held from 8:30 in the morning to 2:30 in the afternoon, with home work in addition. But the result was that the children learned far more than children of the same age in this country, with its comparatively looser methods of instruction and less rigid standards of perfection.

The study of English was begun at 6 years, as soon as the child started to school. German was begun at 8, and

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French at 11. Two foreign languages were required, and the third was optional. But it was optional with the parents--not the child. In those days in Denmark a child did what it was told, and liked it.

Two or three hours a week were devoted to religious instruction, learning hymns, and the tenets of the Lutheran church. This was a legal requirement, as Denmark has a state religion. When she was 15 years old, she was confirmed in the church, got a new wardrobe and long dresses, and had her picture painted.

But the girl still went to the same school until she was 17 years old. Yet she was given a little more freedom. As a child she was not allowed to eat in restaurants. Now she could go to a restaurant with her family, and be seen more in public.

Considerable attention was given in the school to physical education. Gymnastic exercises were given daily, and the girls were taught to dance, how to walk gracefully, and to sit straight. A girl crossing her legs or slouching in her chair was severely reprimanded.

Apparently the girl married soon after her graduation, her husband died, and the family suffered a reversal of fortune. She took up typewriting when the typewriter was a novelty, and determined to be independent, over the shocked protest of her relatives. She moved to Copenhagen, and set up in 1897 the first typewriting office in that city, doing

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public stenographic work and translations. She succeeded so well in this that she was able to give her daughter the same kind of education she herself had received. The only difference was that she insisted on the little girl learning type-writing, and instilled in her the idea of independence.

In 1923 came a chance to sell her business at a good figure. In order to further her daughter's education by travel, they came to New York, where they had relatives.

The daughter had studied English only in school, and had never been abroad. Yet so thorough and efficient are foreign language courses in Denmark, that she had no difficulty in securing a position as stenographer with the Consolidated Gas Company in New York.

The daughter liked this country, and wished to stay here. They lived in New York for eight years, and the daughter married an American, not of Danish descent, while in New York.

Seven years ago the family came to California. The daughter and her husband live in San Pedro, while Mrs. Wiggers lives in Hollywood. Apparently the son-in-law and she do not get along together. The daughter worked for a bank in San Pedro for a time, but is not working now.

Mrs. Wiggers is not a citizen, and prefers to consider herself a Dane on a visit to the United States, despite the length of time she has been here. Nevertheless, she admits that it is doubtful whether she will ever be able to get back to Denmark.

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As has been inferred, the old lady is highly intelligent, and has a clear conception of political and social differences between the two countries. Despite her aristocratic origin, she has a keen social sense.

"Despite many disillusionments regarding this country," she said, "I was still shocked when I learned that a husband in California still has control over his wife's earnings. Women emerged from the dark ages long ago in Denmark. Also in Denmark there is less crudity in all classes. There is a strong movement to bar American films from Denmark, as they are considered to have a bad influence on children.

"What this country needs is a sense of civic responsibility, an interest in the welfare of others. We in Denmark have learned how to cooperate, and work together for the common good. An employer in Denmark who would make his employees work in unhealthful surroundings, for example, would not only be violating the law, but he would be held in contempt by his own class. The same with people in public office. Any official who would do anything crooked in the slightest degree, would be absolutely ostracised, as if he had committed a murder.

"We Danes are proud of our country, proud of the progress we have made in social welfare. Yet we have in our schools no such ritual as pledging allegiance to the flag. We would think it silly. To us patriotism means making Denmark a better place to live. But we really do it, not just talk about it like they do here."

a new born infant, the old lady is highly intelligent, and has a clear conception of political and social conditions between the two countries. Despite her aristocratic origin, she has a heart which is warm.

"For this reason," she says, "I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people."

"I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people."

"I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people."

"I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people."

"I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people."

"I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people. I have always been a friend of the people, and I have always been a friend of the people."

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

Jeppe Jensen was born in 1878, in the farming community of Ikast, a village not far from the city of Herning, Denmark. His father owned a 300-acre farm, one of the largest in the district. On this farm, or "gaard," as it was called in Denmark, Jeppe lived and worked, together with five brothers and four sisters, through most of his boyhood.

Prior to his advent as a farmer, Jeppe's father had made a considerable fortune from the drygoods business in the city of Horsens. He also manufactured woolen outer wearing apparel, such as sweaters, hoods, mittens, etc. He was considered well-to-do. His ambition, however, had always been to farm, for he had been raised on a farm himself. From the money he accumulated from his drygoods and manufacturing business, he was able to acquire a farm, which in size and character, was far above the average in Denmark.

Of the 300 acres, about 200 acres were under cultivation, the remainder being used for pasture. Grain was the principal field crop, and was grown the year around. Rye was sown in the fall, so that it might lie in the snow-covered ground until spring, while barley and oats were seeded in March. Clover was grown for pasture. Threshing of the grain was usually done in June. The farm was stocked with 80 head of cattle, 100 sheep and 200 hogs. The pigs were kept in a brick structure, with an alley running the entire length to facilitate feeding. The front part of the pens were made of brick. In the rear were wooden platforms, raised six inches from the floor, which

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afforded the pigs cleaner and dryer space.

There were four buildings in the farm group, arranged in a continuous row, and connected with arched arcades. The living house was a substantial structure, 80 feet long, built of brick, with a high sloping tile roof. The other buildings had straw roofs. Two spare rooms in the family quarters were reserved for guests. Next to the guest rooms was a large hall used for dancing. There were three bedrooms for family use, with an extra room for the hired girls. The beds had regular bedsteads, with feather stuffed mattresses placed over slats. Woolen blankets were used for bedding. Two boys slept in a bed, as did the girls. The rooms all had wooden floors. The walls and ceilings of all the rooms, except the kitchen, were plastered.

In the center of the large living room was a round oak table with heavy oak chairs to match. The floor was without rugs. On the walls hung many pictures, small photographs and oil paintings, arranged artistically, and several mirrors. A handsome sideboard stood at one side of the room, ornamented with decorated plates and cut glass. In another part of the room was a six-foot, seven-day clock. The kitchen had a brick oven for baking bread. A separate oven was used for baking cake.

The area in front of the house was laid with cobblestones. The garden, at the rear of the house, was planted with flowers and fruit trees, apples, pears, plums and blackberries, strawberries and luscious yellow gooseberries, which grew in a soil of decomposed granite. A flagpole in the garden area flew the

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Danish National colors on holidays, especially on June 5th, the Danish Independence Day. It was also the custom to fly the flag when a wedding or funeral occurred in the immediate neighborhood.

The brick milk house, with tile roof, was 50 feet long and 30 feet wide. The main part of the floor was sunk three feet below the surface. Around the outside of the building was a cement platform. When the milk was ready to be skimmed, it was put into two-gallon rust proof sinc pans, arranged along the platform. The man who did the skimming, passed along with a flat ladle, running the ladle around the pans, and putting the cream in a stone jar. The cream was then heated to a fixed temperature, and churned the following day. Before preparing the butter for shipment to England, it was given a thorough test for uniformity.

An immense barn, with a driveway through the center, housed the cattle and horses. A portion of the barn was used for storing grain, packed away in bags and bundles. It was 200 feet from the house to the rearmost building, where a merry-go-round was located. This was an apparatus to which horses were hitched for threshing the grain. Jeppe's father always had three or four hired men on the farm. The cattlemen slept in quarters next to the cattle stables, while those who cared for the horses had a room close to the horses. Each summer, for a number of years, two storks made their nest near the barn. A wagon wheel, erected on posts, and covered with sticks, was provided for them.

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A typical meal on the Jensen farm was hulled barley or fruit soup: salted pork or meat balls, potatoes, carrots and cabbage. Rice pudding or custard for dessert. A breakfast consisted of barley mush, bread, butter and jam. A breakfast of hot cakes were served once or twice a week. The family ate five times each day. A light lunch of sandwiches and beer was served in mid-morning and mid-afternoon. All hands engaged in sleep from 1 until 2 o'clock p.m. each working day, as the hours of labor were from daylight to sundown.

When Jeppe was ten years old he went to work on an uncle's farm of 100 acres, and with him went his youngest sister. He took care of the cattle until he was 14, then worked in the field. On this farm was a Dutch windmill, which furnished power for grinding the grain. At age 18, Jeppe was put in charge of the mill, and thereby reached the goal of his ambition. There would be several days at a time when the wind would be insufficient to operate the mill. When the wind picked up again, Jeppe would have to work overtime, following these lulls, to get caught up with his grinding. He found the food at his uncle's place much more to his liking. Until he was 17, he was given only pin money, his clothes and some trinkets for his labor. After that, he was paid a salary, amounting to about 300 kroner a year.

Jeppe tried three times to enlist in the Army, but each time he was turned down on account of varicose veins. In 1900, he went to work for a wholesale grocery house in Aarhus, where his brother was also employed. They lived together in the same

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building from which the business was conducted. Jeppe delivered merchandise in a cart, which he pulled himself. Often he had loads in the cart weighing several hundred pounds.

Jeppe's mother was a hardworking devout woman, who cheerfully assumed the greater responsibility for doing the cooking, washing and milking. When she managed to find time in the evening, she gathered the young children about her and told them stories from the books of Andersen and Ibsen. When the neighbors would drop in, they were served schnapps. There was generally a tray ready with whiskey, glasses and cookies.

Community dances were held frequently. Jeppe enjoyed dancing, as he did playing cards, croquet and handball. The family attended church either in the morning or evening. When entering the church, it was the rule to deposit pennies in the poor box always conspicuous at the door. One winter, the school building where Jeppe attended burned down. At first, the school children were quite jubilant at the prospect of a prolonged vacation. Their hopes were short lived, however, for arrangements were soon made for the children to attend school in an adjoining district.

Jeppe believes that the outstanding event of his boyhood was his confirmation. From that time on he was looked upon as a man, with the privilege of smoking, drinking, and otherwise indulging in the customs of grownups without being censured. But he had known what it was to smoke, under cover, before that time. He made the opportunity by smoking a home-made clay pipe, to which was attached a piece of rubber tube for a stem. Leaves took the place of tobacco. He often carried the pipe under his

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coat, and puffed the smoke at opportune moments.

While Jeppe lived on his uncle's farm, two of his cousins from Minnesota came to visit there. They were well-dressed and had every appearance of being prosperous. Jeppe was impressed by their swankish manner and air of confidence. From that moment on, America was destined to be his goal. He sailed from Copenhagen to New York, via Scotland and Ireland, in 1903. He had his ticket and \$100 in cash. Seventeen days of rough, unpleasant sailing were experienced on the cattle boat. He thought the boat would surely sink during a storm which was encountered in the North Sea. Meals were served to the immigrant passengers from kettles placed out on the open deck.

Jeppe landed in New York on a Sunday morning. All of his personal belongings he carried in a canvas sack. He was quite exhausted from carrying the sack when the west-bound travelers were herded to the Chicago train. In Chicago, he was transported from one station to another in a large bus. He arrived in Minneapolis with \$1.25 in his pocket. At the station, a burly Swedish policeman observed his apparent perplexity. Taking Jeppe for a Scandinavian, he offered to assist his direction. Jeppe was bound for the home of a cousin, who lived in the suburbs of the city. He was told to go to a neighboring store by the policeman, the owner of which he thought would probably know his cousin, and it proved to be true.

Jeppe soon got a job on a dairy farm at \$15 a month and his keep. He slept in the lay loft with another boy. From two little girls on the farm, he learned considerable English. They taught him a great deal from their school books. Anxious

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to increase his earnings, he applied for work at the University farm. He borrowed a team of horses from his previous employer and plowed a field as a test of his ability, after which he was offered \$25 a month for his services. One of his duties was to haul hay from a transfer company. The transfer man liked the way in which he handled the bales of hay, so he was immediately given another job.

Jeppe began to mingle with his fellow workers, and soon began to go about with them. He attended vaudeville shows and frequented barrooms. A Swedish play he attended, "Ole Oleson," amused him considerably.

In 1905, he went to North Dakota and selected a homestead. The numerous fees and expenditures connected with this venture soon left him "broke" in Velma, where the land office was located. He went to work as a section hand with the railroad, earning \$4.50 a day. He lived in the section house and had good food prepared by a Norwegian. From his earnings, he managed to rent a team of horses and a plow, with which he broke up ten acres of land on his homestead. When the ground froze up, he went back to work again with the section crew. When he needed a little money with which to further improve his homestead, he always had the railroad to fall back upon. After working a certain period of time, he was given a pass to Minneapolis and return.

Jeppe sold his homestead in North Dakota soon after he had put 25 acres under cultivation. With the \$5,000 he was paid for the land, he went to Canada and took up another homestead in the Edmonton district of Alberta. As he had acquired his American citizenship soon after coming to America, it was now

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necessary for him to become a Canadian citizen in order to qualify for the Canadian homestead. He gradually took over more land on which to raise oats and wheat, until he had three-quarters of a section. He sold out in Canada in 1914 for \$14,000, having previously sold a quarter section for \$4,000.

Jeppe came to Glendale, California, in 1916 and built a home. One year later he sold the home. He was married at the time the Glendale home was built. After selling, he went to Arcadia and bought a house and an acre of land. In a short while, this place was also sold. He now owns a home in Arcadia on a through boulevard, and is engaged in raising poultry.

Jeppe is again an American citizen. He has made several trips back to Canada, where he made his first real money in America. He also went to Denmark in 1920 from Canada. He attends the Highland Park Presbyterian Church, although he is not a member of the church. He was married by a Lutheran priest.

He is a subscriber to "Time" magazine, and reads the daily newspapers, as well as the poultry journals. At the present time, he has about 1,000 hens on his place. He feels exceedingly grateful for the opportunities America has given him. He believes that he is especially favored by being permitted to live in California.

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Racial Minorities In Los
Angeles County - Danish.NOTES ON AAGE CHRISTIAN JENSEN.

Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on July 15, 1907, Aage Christian Jensen, who now calls himself Albert Jensen, is the son of a middle-class, comfortably-wealthy doctor of medicine. His mother, also of the upper middle-class, was educated in the public and private schools. Aage Jensen is the second of four children. A younger brother is a resident of the United States, naturalized and now employed as an assistant director of the National Youth Movement in Washington, D. C. An older brother is first engineer of a Danish steamship, speaks no English, and has been in America for brief periods in line of duty. An older sister is a resident of Copenhagen, speaks little English, has never been to America, is married to an importer, and seldom corresponds with her brothers in America. Both the father and mother are now dead.

Aage Jensen spent his boyhood in a Copenhagen apartment. At the age of seven he entered the Danish free public schools. The course is for seven years. At that time the high schools were private and costly, and only those in comfortable financial circumstances could afford to send their children for higher education. Aage Jensen entered the private high school on a scholarship. However, his brothers and sister also attended, their tuition being paid by their father.

The Danish high school course extends over a two year period, includes only the essentials of scholarship, offers no

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athletics, and is recognized by American universities as representing the equivalent of the American four-year high school course. Aage Jensen graduated from high school with honors.

Aage Jensen remembers little of his pre-school days at home. Although the Danish family-life is close-knit and, at least among the middle classes, abundant, there seems to have been little real warmth and understanding between parents and children in the Jensen family. Rigid discipline was enforced. The father, an expansive, hearty-eating, hearty-drinking man, provided well for his family, enjoyed his home, but was concerned only with adult problems and pleasures. The children never knew their father. The mother gave careful attention to her children's welfare, saw that they were adequately clothed and bathed, supervised their play and studies and took them on frequent outings. But Aage has no recollection of his mother singing him songs or telling him child's stories.

In school he heard folk tales of his native land, and in Denmark there are many. He has now forgotten all of them, but recalls that Wotan was the principal figure around which these stories were built, while Thor, the God of war, was second in importance. Strangely enough, Danish folklore does not feature tales of the sea, if Jensen's memory serves.

Bicycling was a popular recreation and the principal means of short-distance transportation among adults as well as children. Residents of Copenhagen usually deserted the city in fine weather over week-ends, bicycling to near-by spots

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in the woods or meadows for picnics, or to the various fine beaches. Sometimes longer trips were made by railway into the hinterland. Children of ten to fifteen years often made short excursions unsupervised by adults on picnics.

Christmas was the principal holiday of the year. It began on Christmas eve, at which time gifts were exchanged. This was a greater celebration than in America, Jensen declares. Food was prepared in great quantities, sweetmeats were everywhere in the house and wines and heavy liquors abounded. Relatives and friends passed in and out of the house all evening long, bringing gifts of toys for the children, wines, linens, laces, cigars and sweetmeats for adults. Next day every church was filled. In Denmark the Luthern Church is the State religious institution, receiving government support. Everyone, whether believer or not, usually attends on Christmas. The rest of the day, and the day following, was spent in feasting and drinking. The decorated Christmas tree is an important part of the celebration, and Jensen believes the custom of using a Christmas tree originated in Denmark.

. Next in importance is the harvest feast in the fall, known as the Fastelavn. This is also celebrated with heavy banquets and liquors, but in other respects it resembles the Hallowe'en celebrations in America, with noisemakers, costume parades, masked balls, etc.

Weddings and confirmation of the young in the Luthern church are occasions for great feasting and celebration.

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These celebrations usually last at least one full day and often two. In the villages among the peasants - but not in Copenhagen - funerals are even excuses for two or three-day feasts. Easter Sunday is an important holiday also, but unlike all the others, its religious aspect is more important than the feasting and celebration. As on Christmas Day, virtually everyone goes to church on Easter.

In grammar schools gymnasium was an important part of the life. The usual subjects, such as reading, writing, spelling, geography and history, were taught. The public elementary schools were not co-educational. Girls and boys occupied separate portions of the buildings. There were a few female teachers, but most of the teachers were men. Army officers taught important subjects, such as arithmetic.

The high schools, which then were private, were co-educational, but with far fewer girls than boys attending. All the instructors were men, most of them were army officers. Discipline was the keynote in school as well as at home.

Shortly after Aage Jensen entered high school his mother died. Shortly after a housekeeper was acquired and later his father married her. Aage was displeased with the arrangement, resenting the intrusion of the stranger.

In early childhood he seems to have read only the usual books prescribed by the schools, but as he entered the high school he began reading more widely. Some of the books which struck him particularly were Danish translations of American

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authors. Popular in Denmark were the works of Upton Sinclair, Jack London and Frank Norris. Jensen read everything available by the latter two authors. He did not become familiar with Upton Sinclair until some time after his arrival in America. He was deeply impressed with the American authors, the sense of space, newness and freedom of action and apparent lack of discipline appealing to his adolescent mind. At about this time the motion picture came to Denmark, and Aage became an avid addict, as did most boys and girls of his age. With a half-formulated picture already in his mind of America, the cinema aided him in building a fantastic picture already in his mind of America, the cinema aided him in building a fantastic picture of America. The sense of newness, of great expansion and of space he gained from his reading. But Jensen attributes his real urge to see and live in America to the cinema. From the pictures he gained a picture of great ease and plenty - indeed, of wealth - in the new country. He determined to come to America upon completion of his studies in the high school. But impatient for adventure and dissatisfied with conditions in his home, he shipped on a freighter bound for North and South America one summer during vacation. On that trip he saw the eastern shore of the United States for the first time, and spent one hour in an American city - Norfolk, Virginia. He recalls but one experience while there. Taking advantage of his brief shore leave, he boarded a streetcar to view the city. No sooner was he comfortably seated in the rear

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of the car than a conductor approached him and addressed him in what seemed to him excited tones. Jensen, who believed he knew the English language from his high school studies, understood not a word. Unsuccessful in making himself understood, the conductor seized Nage Jensen by the collar and hastened him into the front section of the car. It was long afterward that Jensen learned he had been sitting in the "Jim Crow" section of the car, an unpardonable crime below the Mason and Dixon line. Jensen has never been below that line since and declares he never will.

This was Jensen's first contact with American life and custom. It was not the last but it was perhaps one of the strongest in its effect on him. For years he has collected photographs and newspaper clippings of lynching and other acts of mob violence as a result of this incident. Today he is somewhat of an authority on mob stupidity. Since these studies have been confined to America, he believes that stupidity is peculiar to American mobs. In Denmark when he lived there, he saw little evidence of mob at all. There was no depression and the mob was quiet. His only picture of the lower Danish classes is one of neat and very clean little cottages set against a picturesque landscape.

After finishing his studies he came to America to stay. Bearing letters to friends in Chicago, he made at once for that city. He arrived - aged about twenty - in a great boom period. He recalls the first day: After learning the direction

of the address he sought, he stopped at his first American soda fountain and ordered a strawberry concoction, eager to begin at once participating in American customs. Unfortunately, however, his strong Danish accent, which he still retains, made the first "r" in the word a "w", which aroused the contempt of the American-born soda fountain clerk, whose remarks finally resulted in changing the order to a chocolate soda, in which there are no "r's."

Jensen found the address he sought, but discovered he was entering a Denmark transplanted to the new land. Soon after finding a job - Swift & Co. in the foreign department as a translator, at \$30 a week - he left the Danish friends for a room in the "loop." For several years he remained in Chicago, receiving wage increases when he grew restless. He recalls advertisements in the newspapers calling for men - even inexperienced men. The ads expressed a willingness on the part of the employers to "teach you at our expense - highest wages paid." This was, indeed, the land of the cinema.

Meanwhile, Jensen's younger brother had come to America and was employed in Detroit. Growing restless with the humdrum life in an office, Jensen left, going to Detroit. But the boom was over and he found difficulty in finding work. At last he found employment in the General Motors plant in the assembly line. Later he was an inspector. He disliked this work.

Growing restless once again, and now seeking to improve his condition, he came west, after a period of traveling around

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the country by freight train and on the highway. He arrived in Los Angeles. Long periods of waiting for a job - and then a place in a small restaurant as dishwasher for room and board. Leaving in disgust after a time, there would be other long waits - hunger- nights of sleeping in a park - worn clothing. And then another job as a janitor in a hotel. This continued for several years. Meantime, however, during those periods when a job was at hand, Jensen read widely, attended free evening classes for adults, and finally began the study of sound engineering. His reading introduced him to the works of Upton Sinclair, and for a period of several years - years in which he was starving and living in attics - he was a socialist. With the improvement of his condition through study, he gradually threw off socialism and today his outlook is that of the complete iconoclast. He has never married, and declares himself interested only in his own welfare. His principal ambition now is to think of a "scheme" (his own word) which will earn him a great deal of money at one time. He has not considered how he would occupy himself, once rich.

His interests have narrowed as his ambitions narrowed. He reads little today besides "Time," the newsmagazine, whose editorial style pleases him and perhaps better than anything else expresses his attitude toward life. His interest in sound engineering arose from a deep conviction that if one is "in" a studio, he is within easy grasp of huge salaries. At one time he was a co-editor of a motion picture magazine, not

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because of any interest in writing or editing, but because he believed it might be a "studio connection."

From time to time he has invested small sums in various stocks, hoping for quick rises. None of these attempts at wealth have been successful. Indeed, today he is employed as a researcher on the Federal Theatre Project in Los Angeles. At present he is greatly interested in the New Deal, not because it represents to him a worthy philosophy of government, but because his younger brother is employed by the Federal Government in Washington, and he has heard that young men are often employed by the Federal Government in Washington.

Thus it will be seen that Aage Jensen - now Al Jensen - has become thoroughly Americanized. He associates with no Danes in Los Angeles, although he belongs to the Nordic Civic League. He joined this organization at a time when he had a "scheme", the successful carrying out of which seemed contingent upon a connection with a native organization. He remains a member simply because he has never bothered to withdraw. He never attends and pays no dues.

About two years ago he became a citizen of the United States, at a time when a "scheme" made it necessary for him to be a citizen. He has never voted. He has no interest in his native land and has no desire ever to return there. He corresponds with no one in Denmark. He remembers the country as being oppressive with dullness. "Everyone is stupid there," he says. "They think only of eating huge twelve-course dinners

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and drinking great quantities of liquor. Then they fall asleep in chairs, where they spend the remainder of the day."

But he has no better opinion of Americans. They do not stuff themselves and sleep in a chair - but they clutter up the public parks eating picnic lunches, afterwards scattering paper plates over the landscape. He dislikes the radio and the motion pictures, but he nevertheless attends the cinema regularly, not for its entertainment value but because it represents to him an opportunity for future wealth, and he wishes to understand every phase of motion picture development.

He still prefers America to Denmark, however. He declares that Denmark offers few opportunities to the ambitious but might be a pleasant place for a very old man with much money and no interests in life. Although disliking most of the people, nearly all of the customs and institutions of America, he has the strong conviction that he will one day succeed here in a financial way. He believes that, regardless of economic conditions in America, an alert, shrewd and intelligent man can make a fortune here. All persons whom he meets who are in distressed financial circumstances he believes stupid and deserving of their fate. He would have no hesitation in trampling them underfoot still more to further his own ends. He is inclined to be less harsh in considering his own present circumstances. The proper moment simply has not yet arrived for him, but it will, and one day he will be rich. He

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will still have no more regard for America than he has today. If he succeeds, it will be because he is more intelligent than others. The others will have failed because they are stupid. If, by some strange chance, he should ever have pangs of conscience in his days of great wealth, he will extract his dossier of lynching data and read it over. At the end of an afternoon he will rise from his notebooks, his faith in his philosophy of superiority renewed, his social conscience as stultified as were the wits of his forefathers after a hearty Christmas Day banquet.

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

Kristen Rask has a smile that must have made him many friends. It grows slowly, but as it crinkles over his broad weatherbeaten face, the pale blue eyes beam and twinkle with good-fellowship. The deep wrinkles are cris-crossed with fine red lines, like a water-ways map of southern Louisiana. Although he weighs over 200 pounds, his heavy-set frame carries no excess fat. Kristen Rask is as good a man today as when he sailed before the mast.

He was born in 1876, on a farm near Viborg, in Jutland, Denmark. His father was a tenant, operating the farm for the owner--a nobleman in Viborg. Kristen was the youngest of six children, and the entire family worked from dawn to dark, except when the children were attending school. The work was hard, there was little labor saving machinery on farms in those days. Yet while the family belonged to the peasant class, there was no lack of food in the house at any time. Hot bread was served two or three times a day, and before going to bed his mother made great piles of 'Smorrebrod'--or sandwiches. He slept in a large bed with two of his brothers, underneath a thick, heavy down comforter..

His mother often sang the smaller children to sleep, he believes, but being the youngest he has no clear recollection. He recalls no tales or stories. Holidays, however, were made much of.

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The big day of the year was Christmas eve. The his mother brewed a black beer, great piles of small cakes were made, and the entire family gathered around the Christmas tree, hung with fruit, candy, and home made decorations. One fea ture was a large cake with a nut in it. The person getting the nut in his slice of cake received an additional present.

On the day after Christmas and on New Years eve, visits were made to the neighbors. Church holidays were also observed, especially just before Lent, and one occuring some time after Easter. Birthdays were also celebrated with special feasts, and on his birthday the boy had a holiday, and was required to do no work.

On holidays, and after school, he found time for usual recreations of a farm boy. There were many lakes around his home, and he enjoyed fishing, and paddling a raft which he and his friends had made.

Confirmation was a big event in the life of a Danish boy or girl in those days. Kristen Rask remembers well how his father borrowed a fine carriage to drive him to the church. Then all the relatives came back to the house for a big dinner, and he was given a knife, and the owner of the farm gave him a watch. "I'll show you the watch now", said Mr. Rask to me, jumping up with surprising agility for a man of his size and age. He came out proudly displaying a large, silver plated Swiss, still running, and showing the correct

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time. "Every time I passed anyone on the street I pulled out my watch to see what time it was", Mr. Rask laughed.

"I had to have a new suit for confirmation, too," Mr. Rask went on. "It was a heavy black suit, and I had heavy black horse-hide gloves with it. I had several days holiday after confirmation, and I spent them walking around Viborg, which wasn't a very big place, showing off.

"When I was about 6 or 7 years of age, I started to school. It was a good school--a regular public school. It had a big gymnasium, and every one had to take a certain amount of instruction in gymnastics. My teacher was especially interested in ground tumbling, and I learned to turn hand-springs and back flips like a circus acrobat. School started with singing a song. We were taught the history of Denmark, but there was no special emphasis on patriotism as I recall. I went to this school until I was 14, and then I went to a technical high school at night for about a year, studying carpentry.

"I had always wanted to be a sailor--maybe I got the idea paddling around in the lake. I went to live with a relative in Copenhagen, worked as a carpenter's apprentice for a while, and then shipped on a small windjammer as carpenter and general handy man. I followed the sea for about 15 years, and then decided to settle down. I had a friend in Rockford, Ill., so I went there and got a job in a furniture factory. I worked there and in Belvidere, Ill. for a number

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of years, and finally drifted out west about 10 years ago. I like Los Angeles, and expect to stay here the rest of my life. I saved up a little money, never married, and it doesn't take much to keep me. I do a little cabinet making now and then, but most of my time is spent reading, and visiting with my friends.

"I decided to settle down in the United States because I felt there were better opportunities here to work, and I had a very close friend in Rockford. There was an incident, though, which almost made me change my mind.

"I signed off the ship in Boston, and towards evening was strolling through Boston Common. A man was seated on a bench dozing, when a big bruiser of a policeman came along and without a word whacked him on the feet with his club. I was really shocked. Not because I hadn't seen plenty of rough stuff in my life, but because I had heard so much about this being the land of the free, the rights of the common people, etc. It sort of shattered my illusions. In Denmark, no policeman would dream of doing anything like that. If he did, the people who saw it would probably seize him and take him to the station, thinking he had gone crazy.

"I believe the police system in our cities is one of the things which seriously retards assimilation of the foreign born people, especially those which have a democratic government of their own, and are not accustomed to police brutality.

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It destroys their illusions, and their faith in the much talked about justice of American institutions. And those who come from less progressive countries get the impression that this government is just as corrupt as the one they left.

"I took out my citizenship papers in Illinois and am glad to be a citizen of the United States. However, I believe Denmark has progressed more in the last 20 or 30 years than the United States.

"I would like to make a visit to the old country some time, but I don't know if I will be able to. I belong to a Danish brotherhood, and occasionally go to a Danish Lutheran church. I like to read a Danish newspaper when I get hold of one, though I do not subscribe.

"My chief criticism of America is that they don't know how to cook in this country. I board with some Danish people, so it doesn't bother me. But it is true that the cheapest lunch room in Denmark serves better cooked food than you get in an expensive restaurant here. No wonder you see medicine for dyspepsia advertised everywhere!"

HISTORY OF CHRIS SORENSON

Chris Sorenson was born in the farming district of Heinsvig, state of Yylland, Denmark, in the year 1867. He was the fourth of seven children, five boys and two girls. He was reared on a 50-acre farm, to which his parents devoted their entire lives.

Although his principal occupation was farming, his father also followed the trade of blacksmithing. He maintained a blacksmith shop on the farm. Whenever neighbor farmers wanted their horses shod, or their farm implements and tools tempered or repaired, they brought them to his shop.

From the soil was grown barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, clover and timothy. These crops provided food for the family and feed for the livestock. Because dairying was the major industry in the country, a string of not less than 12 milch cows were kept on the Sorensen farm. The cream was separated daily and sent to the creamery for churning. It was customary for women to do the milking on Danish farms. Chris helped his mother by carrying the pails of milk to the house. It was also his mother's task to clean the pig and poultry pens. Aside from 2 or 3 hogs, a variety of poultry -- chickens, ducks, geese -- furnished a plentiful supply of eggs and meat for the family table.

The farm buildings, long and low, and constructed of brick, were arranged in a square. The roofs were of straw. The front unit of the square was occupied by the family. It was separated

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from the other 3 units by a driveway, thus reducing the fire hazard. The remaining units, directly adjoined to each other, were used for stables, feed barn, tool shed and blacksmith shop. Of the many creeks in this section of Denmark, one cut immediately through the Sorensen farm at the farthest end several hundred yards from the buildings. Water was pumped by hand from a well, however, for all domestic use. There were enough fruits and vegetables raised on the place to meet all family needs.

Chris started to school when he was seven years old. The brick schoolhouse was located about one-half mile from his home. Quite like American boys, he learned his A B C's, then went on through the common grade school subjects. The schoolmaster conducted all of the classes in one room. The girls were seated on one side of the room, and the boys on the other, in the same manner that even adults were segregated while attending church, and other ceremonious gatherings.

The school session was opened daily with a prayer offered by the schoolmaster, following which the pupils joined in singing either a sacred or patriotic hymn. One of the favorite songs Chris sang at school was "My Old Kentucky Home," sung in Danish. He was taught the Bible catechism and biblical history. Occasionally he was asked to memorize a hymn to be recited before the class. He went to school six days out of every week during the winter months, but from May through October, he was required to attend only one half-day session every week.

But this release from his school lessons during the summer months meant only one thing to Chris -- more time to work on his father's farm. After his daily chores about the milking shed were finished, he spent most of his time in the fields, pasturing the cows and a band of 25 sheep.

Chris was given all the home advantages that were possible within the limited means of his parents. His mother was a kindly christian woman. In spite of the fact that her life had been given to farm drudgery, she managed to have moments about the fireside with her children. Chris, as an infant, knew a mother's cradle lullabies. He had sat by his mother's side and heard from her lips the fanciful tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Later, and through his early boyhood, he reread the stories many times over. A line from a verse of a song frequently sung in the home, read: "Den signende dag med fryd vi ser." Chris did not attempt a complete translation into English, but signified that the sentiment was in tribute to a Beautiful Day.

Chris attended the Lutheran church. The salary of the minister was paid by the state, as were the salaries of all ministers of recognized denominations in Denmark. A direct tax was levied on all property owners for support of the Church, whether church members or not.

Chris' mother spun the wool and knitted his socks for him. It was the custom to have a tailor come into the home and make the coats, vests and trousers for the male members of the family.

The tailor would live in the home for the time required to make the clothes. He was given his room and board in addition to the fee for his services. He, also, brought with him an apprentice. At one time, the tailor would remain for two or three days and, again, for two or three weeks, depending upon the number of garments to be made. The average fee paid to the tailor for his annual visit was about six kroner, or \$1.50. Chris wore knickers during his school days, but donned long trousers soon after he had finished school. He wore wooden shoes upon all occasions, excepting the summer days when he went barefooted.

The Sorensen family partook of food five times daily. The heaviest meal was the noontime dinner, when kale or pea soup, meat, potatoes, rye bread and beer were generally served. For the mid-morning and mid-afternoon snack, it was usually a beef or pork sandwich and a bottle of beer, eaten in the field. Mush was most always served at breakfast. But the day never seemed brighter to Chris than when it was started with a bowl of pump-ernickel. This dish was prepared by soaking dark, coarse rye bread in home-brewed beer, and cooking it to a mush. It was eaten with milk or cream. Each working day, the hour from one to two was given over to rest and sleep. Even in the villages and towns storekeepers observed this hour of relaxation.

When a Danish youth finished his grade schooling, it was to go on and fit himself for some practical trade. It may have been the yearly appearance of a tailor within his own home which influenced Chris to turn to tailoring as a trade, or it may have been some natural inclination. Anyway, when he was

fifteen years old, he went to Varde to serve a three year apprenticeship in preparation for his chosen vocation. During that period he earned no more than his room and board. Upon completion of his training, he was paid \$50 in cash for his three years of service.

Chris was obligated, under law of Denmark, to render eight months of military service to his Government. He decided upon this interval as an opportune time to fulfill that obligation. He served his full time in a military camp in the city of Fredericia.

Chris elected to establish himself in the tailoring business without delay. As soon as he was released from the army camp, he went to Copenhagen, where he hired out as a journeyman tailor with a master tailor. A journeyman tailor was one who went from house to house, making up clothes in the home. The master tailor was of more advanced experience, and usually conducted his business from a fixed location. As most of the trades were unionized in Denmark, even at that time, Chris was paid the standardized weekly wage of forty kroner (\$10.00). His room and board, no longer furnished without charge, cost him about 75¢ per day.

Migration to a large city brought a great change in Chris' mode of living. While at home on the farm, his social contacts were mainly those with the members of neighboring farm families. Frequently, several families would assemble at one farm home for an exchange of gossip and a day of festivity, following Sunday worship at their community church. On these occasions, Chris and his comrades would indulge in outdoor

games and sports, such as croquet, running and leap-frog. Birthdays in families generally called for special celebrations, and were considered highlights in their social activities. Christmas and Easter were the most elaborately observed of all holidays.

But in Copenhagen, Chris' social life became more cosmopolitan. His acquaintances and friendships were more transient and individual. No longer could he look forward, year after year, to meeting and mingling with the same people and groups-- people whose habits and customs were as fixed as the countryside which claimed them. Life in the city was constantly changing - new faces, new companions; experiences that thrilled, then moved on; pleasures sweet, but fleeting. He had his moments of discouragement, as well -- moments when he longed for his home fireside again, and the kindly counsel of his father and mother. For recreation during his leisure hours, he played cards with others at his boarding house, engaged in bowling matches, and patronized beer gardens. He had his romances, but they were of short duration.

In Copenhagen, Chris had made casual acquaintance with a sailor who had completed numerous voyages to America. In the course of a year, they became good friends. Chris learned much about America from his companion. And it was a bright colorful picture which had been painted for Chris by his friend. It was an old adage in Denmark that if one was born poor, he would die poor. The saying may have been true, when applied to Denmark, Chris concluded, but if the stories told to him by his sailor friend were correct, a man would not have to die poor

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in America. And Chris had faith in his friend.

Soon after his twenty-fifth birthday, Chris began making definite preparations to go to the United States. The year was 1892. He had saved his earnings with America very much in mind. After a few days visit with his parents at the old farm home, he sailed from Copenhagen for Leids, Scotland. From that point, he traveled by rail to Glasgow, where he boarded a New York-bound steamship.

The voyage across the Atlantic was quite uneventful for Chris. No unfavorable weather was encountered during the nine days of sailing. Traveling as he was in steerage, there was little for him to do but await his arrival on American soil.

Chris had nothing but praise for the treatment he was accorded at the hands of the immigration officials, while making entry to the United States. His own experience served to discredit subsequent reports which came to him of inhumane handling of immigrants at Ellis Island. He was staggered at the greatness of New York, even though he witnessed it meagerly. The city of reality far exceeded the mind picture he had previously painted.

A personal welcome to America was extended to him by a Danish minister, who met the incoming Danish immigrants, and gave them first hand instructions and advice. Chris was taken almost immediately by the minister to an employment office in the vicinity of the Battery, where he succeeded in getting a job as tailor. He went to work the next morning in a shop on Sixth Avenue.

One of the first things Chris learned about New York was where he could get all of the Irish stew, coffee and rice pudding that he could possibly consume for twenty-five cents. And for one whole month he ate Irish stew and rice pudding with his coffee. Eventually, he discovered that other items of food might be procured in American restaurants, and he learned the knack of ordering them by name. So, gradually, Chris expanded and diversified his diet. But many moons came and went before he felt inclined to order Irish stew again.

Chris was employed at the tailoring shop on a piece basis. He remained at the one job for eight years without a break in his service. During the greater part of his stay in New York he lived in a modest rooming house, where he obtained his board under the same roof. From the first day that he went to work, he was able to earn double the amount of money that he had earned before coming to America.

He had two brothers who had preceded him to America. They had established themselves at the dairy business in the vicinity of Superior, Wisconsin. In 1901, Chris went to that state to visit the brothers. He had already imbibed some of the Westward Ho spirit. He found enough encouragement there to decide him against returning to New York.

He succeeded in getting employment in a Superior tailoring establishment almost as soon as he had decided to remain there. He followed his trade in that city for eighteen years, having but three employers during the entire period. In 1920, he went to the west coast and took up his trade again in Seattle.

He arrived in that city with accumulated savings of several thousand dollars, part of which he invested in Seattle real estate. Among his substantial acquaintances in the northwest was Ole Hansen, who, while mayor of Seattle, gained considerable national publicity during violent labor disturbances in that city.

Chris sold his property in Seattle in 1928, just when real estate values were approaching their highest peak. He began to look about for an appropriate place in which to invest his profits from the sale of his real estate. His two Wisconsin brothers had come to California about the time that he had gone to Seattle. Attracted by the opportunities offered in the poultry-raising industry, the two brothers bought an acre of ground at Arcadia, southern California, on which they built a large attractive home, and erected a modern poultry plant. The plant was equipped to handle 2000 white Leghorn laying hens.

Chris had reached the age where retirement from a too active occupation was not far distant. He was also looking to a permanent home in which to spend his declining years, and one which would offer him means of support at the same time.

His brothers' at Arcadia opened the way for him to assume an interesting ~~ing~~ in their poultry business. This appeared to Chris to be just the opportunity he was seeking. So he joined his brothers in partnership. With the aid of his finances, the plant was soon enlarged to a 4,000 hen capacity, the basis on which they are operating today. The average daily production of the plant is 3,000 eggs; the low is 1,500.

The Sorensen poultry plant is considered one of the finest in the Arcadia district, and one of the most profitable. The appearance of the poultry houses and yards reflect high credit to the perseverance of the brothers, and the standard of cleanliness maintained throughout the entire plant. If the farm premises on which they were raised in Denmark were kept as clean and wholesome as is their present day poultry plant, it is small wonder that the family was able to live in comfort with only a driveway separating the living quarters from the cow stables. It may be safely said that the 3,000 hens live under sanitary conditions as favorable as do the operators of the plant themselves.

One of the brothers passed away several years ago, leaving Chris and his brother Peter the sole managers of the business. Peter is married, therefore the home has an efficient housekeeper and manager. The same degree of orderliness may be observed over every foot of the acre ranch.

Chris has a high regard for the American form of government and all American institutions. If he feels critical toward any of them, that criticism is tempered by the good things which living in America has brought to him. Over the desk in the office from which he conducts his business, hangs a picture of Woodrow Wilson. The reverence and gratitude which Chris holds for the memory of the late ex-president was exemplified in his narration of an historical episode.

Chris' father served in the Danish Army through the year 1863-4, while Denmark was at war with Germany. Chris has vivid recollections of his father citing to him the stirring events

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of those fateful days. As a result of the peace treaty which followed that war, certain territory controlled by Denmark reverted to Germany. When the provisions of the Versailles Treaty were up for discussion, following the close of the World War, President Wilson attempted to bring about an equitable re-adjustment of the territorial acquisitions of Germany from Denmark. It was with deep feeling of respect that Chris spoke of the efforts of Woodrow Wilson to restore to Denmark portions of territory lost to Germany by the earlier war. It was the fairness which President Wilson displayed toward both Denmark and Germany, in his approach to the situation, which evoked the admiration of Chris.

Chris' business suffered materially through the depression, as did the egg producers in general. While admitting a brighter outlook for poultrymen, he believes that his complete salvation rests upon the election of the Republican nominee for President, Alf M. Landon. He places upon the Roosevelt Administration the responsibility for overburdening all types of business through taxation. He also fears that the present Administration at Washington trends toward Communism. And he has little regard for the Communistic cause.

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

John (in Danish Johan) Andersen was born June 27, 1884, at Them, Jutland, which is near the center of Denmark. In the early part of his life, his father was a brickmason but later took up photography. At the time his father began photography dry plates were not in use so it was necessary to put a chemical solution on the plates to take the pictures and develop them. Later, when dry plates came into use, he continued to make his own and also to prepare his own paper for the picture prints.

John's father had been planning for many years to migrate to America to take advantage of the opportunities which this country was reputed to have in store for industrious people, so he talked incessantly about this "promised land". He had heard about the climates of California and Florida, and had planned to live in one or the other. He studied English mostly at home, and John joined him in these studies. As a result, John had a good start in English before leaving Denmark, and today speaks English without the slightest accent. However, when his father was about ready to leave for America he developed a bone infection and had to undergo an operation, which made him unfit to begin life anew in a strange land, so he abandoned the idea. He still lives in Denmark and is now 90 years old.

John's grandfather's name was Anders Weaver. At the time

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John's father was born it was the custom for a son to take his father's first name and add "sen" to it, and that became the son's last name. Thus, Andersen became the last name of John's father; his given name was Laurs. If that practice had continued, John's last name would have been Laursen, or Larsen. But just about the time John was born this practice was discontinued, and John took the same last name that his father had--Andersen.

His mother's family lived in the same community in which his father was reared, and her father was a wooden shoemaker. He kept bees for recreation.

At this point in the interview Mr. Andersen told about old age pensions in Denmark. In that country any person who lives to the age of 60 without being upon public charity, automatically, is eligible to receive an old age pension, but if he has found it necessary to receive public charity before arriving at that age, he must remain a charity case the remainder of his life. The old age pension is not considered charity, and no questions are asked as to the property owned by the applicant, or the extent of his income or ability to work and earn a living. Mr. Andersen does not know the amount given each individual who has reached the age of 60.

John is musically inclined and played an accordion at the age of five. He now plays the chromatic accordion, violin flute, cornet and alto, as well as several novelty instruments, all by ear. He sometimes plays in dance orchestras. He never

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had instruction in instrumental music. Music is his chief hobby. He remembers hearing his mother sing church hymns. They sang much in school. One song which he remembers is "King Christian Stood by Lofty Mast".

He had one year of preschool training which started when he was six, and was taught to read during that year. He entered regular public school at seven, which was the legal age, and attended the public schools until he was 14, when he graduated. The last six months were under Lutheran church direction, his parents being members of that church. In the public school he had the same subjects that are taught here, to which were added religious studies, which took up about half of his study hours. Every week he was required to learn a new hymn and more Bible history. Outside of the religious instruction, much time was spent on music.

It was a one-room village school which he attended, and the teachers were mostly men. He finished his public schooling at $13\frac{1}{2}$ years of age, and spent six months in preparation for confirmation in the Lutheran church. He studied chemistry with his father, and is yet interested in that subject. At the age of 20, those who had not done well in school could attend a special school for six months, with government aid, but John was not of this class.

There were six children in the family--two girls and four boys. John was the second child. At the age of $10\frac{1}{2}$ he went to a farm and hired out for six months during the summer, for

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which he received 12 crowns (12 quarters), all the wooden shoes he could wear out, and his employer also fed him. During this time he walked three miles through the woods without any path to school, which opened at 7 a. m. and continued until 1 p. m. Then he went back to work. He worked until 9:30 p. m., chopping wood, feeding stock, caring for the children, such like duties.

This farm, like most others in the community, was a dairy farm. Part of his work consisted of cleaning out the barn and staking out the cows. He slept in a work shop at the end of a building in which pigs were kept, and the place was so infested with rats that they often ran over the bed. Sometimes he baited a fish hook with salt pork and with a string attached it to a small wagon. The rats were so large they would pull the wagon across the room. On some farms a bedroom adjoined a cow or horse barn.

Both Andersen's little fingers became crooked from holding wheelbarrow handles during the time which he worked on farms, and they are peculiarly crooked to this day. The hours of labor while he was a regular farm hand were from 4:30 a. m. to 9 p. m., but an hour or more of that time was spent taking a "nap" in the barn after the noonday meal.

The food was very plain and consisted entirely of coarse varieties. All the household ate soup out of a great bowl placed in the center of the table. Bread was baked only once a month, mostly of rye flour. The dough was made in a large

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trough, and after the bread was baked it was stored in this trough until it was all eaten. On the farms where he worked they never drank water, but used light beer or ale. The farmers grew their own hops, and the beer and ale were homemade. After coming to America he ate so much white bread, cakes, pies, etc., that the menus seemed to him like the party dinners in Denmark. As a result of this refined diet in America, his stomach became disordered, and he corrected it by going back to the rougher foods.

Clothing worn in Denmark was not very different from that worn in America.

John seldom engaged in sports. In school, during the one daily recess, the children played a rude form of baseball, in which they had only two bases, used a rubber ball and had to hit the runner with the ball in order to put him out. Cycling was a leading sport, and bicycles were used extensively for traveling, but they cost so much that not everybody could afford to own one. The price of an ordinary cycle was around 200 crowns, or \$50. They were mostly American made. Winter sports were skating and some tobogganing, as there were a few hills and many lakes and ponds.

At 15 Andersen began to learn the harness trade, at which he worked one year without pay, not even his board. Then he spent one year on a farm doing a man's work and receiving a man's pay. Since training for military service did not begin until the recruit was 22, he escaped that.

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Nearly every farm had a peat bog, from which was obtained fuel for family use. Peat is decayed vegetation, like coal, but not as hard, and is black in color. The best kind could be cut into bricks. If not so good in quality, it was tramped down with the feet and then moulded it into bricks. It was a good fuel but had a disagreeable odor.

Most of the roofs on the homes were thatched with rye straw, sewed on with rye straw rope made by the women in the winter time. Sod was placed around the edges of the roof to help hold the roof in place. A roof made in this manner will shed water and last for many years, Mr. Andersen says.

The stork was a customary bird about a home in Denmark when John lived there. It was customary to place an old wagon wheel on top of the home or one of the other buildings, and storks would immediately take up residence on the wheel, after they had made a nest on it. There was usually a scramble among the storks for these "locations" for their homes, and sometimes some fighting, because there were seldom enough wagon wheels to provide "building sites" for all the storks which wanted to construct homes. One time John had an overpowering curiosity to see just exactly what a stork's nest looked like at close range. He climbed to the roof and walked up to the nest at a time when Mrs. Stork happened to be in. The stork is usually a peaceable, harmless bird, but this one seemed to resent John's intrusion on the privacy of her home, and went at him so ferociously that he had to run, and almost

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fell from the roof. The storks add more brush to the nests every year, until they become so big that the wind blows them off the roofs. Full-sized farm wagons are required to carry them away. Mrs. Andersen showed me some pictures of the old home in Denmark, taken by John's father, and the stork on the house was always a conspicuous feature.

Some of these pictures were interior scenes of the home, which was artistically draped and furnished. The pictures indicate that John's father was an intellectual man. He had a rather professional appearance. Some of the pictures showed outdoor scenes, which included dense shrubbery and some brook-lets. The pictures were made to be viewed through a stereoscope.

At the age of 12 John had fully made up his mind to go to America, but was not able to obtain enough money to buy a ticket until he was 17, then his father lent him the money. He left Denmark in 1902, at the age of 17.

He embarked for the voyage at Esbjerg, and traveled in a lower deck, below the water line. Landing at Halifax, N. S., he traveled via the Canadian Pacific, to Toronto and on to Detroit. His destination was Utica, Ill., where he had friends. They gave him a job in a cement mill, and after a year he hired out as a farm "hand" for a year and one-half. Due to his study of the English language with his father's aid, he was able to converse freely with anyone he met almost from the day he arrived in America, and most people would not

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believe his residence here had been of so short duration.

While he was working as a farm hand at Utica, he had a fellow Danish worker who was not so well versed in English and this was the cause of a rather amusing incident. The farmer told the Dane to "grease the wagon". Well, in Danish, gris (pronounced grease) means pig. The farmer left the Dane, and when he returned some time later, expecting to find the wagon greased, he instead found that the Dane had loaded all the pigs on the wagon.

John did not like Illinois, and as California had been his objective when he left Denmark, after two and one-half years in Illinois, he came to Los Angeles in 1905. He had been told that he could get a secondhand ticket cheap at Chicago. He went there and purchased one but saved only a few dollars, but this purchase caused him much worry and trouble on the road. It was the return portion of a round-trip ticket from San Francisco to Chicago which he purchased, and should have been used by the original purchaser, whose name John had to sign at frequent intervals on the road. He had to prevaricate about using the first half of the ticket. He was asked to tell what route he had traveled going east. This was a hard question to be answered by a newcomer in this land and this seemed to be the root of his trouble. When he reached Salt Lake City the conductor told him there was something irregular about the ticket, and took it up. He gave John a slip of paper instead. On this he rode as far as Daggett. There

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the conductor told him to get off the train. He got off, but Daggett did not look good to him, so he got back on and tried to hide, but the conductor found him, and he paid his fare to Los Angeles, arriving here with only \$2.00 in his pocket.

He managed to get a few dollars refund on the scalper's ticket, a few days later, and eked out an existence on that money for a week. Then, through an employment office, he obtained night work in a creamery located between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets on San Pedro Street. At that time horses were stabled on this ground, but no cows were kept there. He received \$30 a month and board and was thankful for that, as times were very bad in Los Angeles just then, and many men were idle on the streets. The dairy was a farmers' mutual creamery called The Glen Holly Dairy Company. Later, he worked in the pasteurizing department, and afterward at testing for butterfat. For six months he was a night foreman. In after years he worked 14 years for the California Creamery & Butter Company, now the Golden State, and later was with the Crescent Creamery Company.

In 1906, he married a Swedish girl, and they had three children. He then worked five years for what is now the Columbia Steel Corporation at Torrance, and was raised to a labor boss there. He walked each day two miles from and to his home in Lomita, and worked 12 hours each night during the war. Due to illness of his wife and himself he spent all of his life's earnings, and his wife died.

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He then went to Long Beach and operated a 20-cow dairy of his own for 18 months, after which sold out, and started to learn the shoemaking trade in a shop in Hawthorne. He bought this shop after six and one-half days service, and learned the trade in his own shop. His one year's experience in the harness shop during his boyhood perhaps helped him considerably in learning the shoemaking trade. A year after he bought the shop he put in a \$7,000 stock of shoes and did well until the depression struck. He sold his stock for \$2,000. He still does repairing and employs one man.

In 1925 he married again, this time an American woman, a widow without children, and a native Californian. He has one child by his second wife, who is of the refined type.

Mr. Andersen says America has come fully up to his expectations, and that anyone can talk as much as they want to about the downtrodden common people here, but if they want to see what "downtrodden" means, they should go to some European country. He is confident we now have the best government in the world, although it may be possible to improve it.

The Golden Rule is his only religion. He knows nothing about God or the hereafter, and does not believe anybody else knows anything about it. The Bible means no more to him than the Koran. He does not deny the existence of a God, but does not know anything about it.

He uses a dictionary a great deal and has one in his shoe-shop as well as well as one in his home. He works on crossword

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puzzles, and studies an atlas and an encyclopedia.

The family have no customs that are not American. He reads no Danish papers and is not especially interested in Denmark or Danish people.

In Denmark, by lantern-light he read Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, Robinson Crusoe, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Oliver Twist, Around the World in Eighty Days and Treasure Island (in Denmark called Capt. Flint's Treasure). All these were translations into Danish.

In this country he has enjoyed reading the following authors: Robert Louis Stevenson, W. C. Tuttle, James B. Hendricks, Charles Dickens. He reads light fiction and is much interested in the Geographic Magazine, but the dictionary is his favorite book.

He is a Democrat. He likes the Daily News but reads, also, the Examiner. His family does not belong to any club, lodge or church.

Since he was only 18 years old when he arrived in the United States, it was only necessary for him to ask for his final citizenship papers when he was twenty-one. He did not have to take out first papers.

The Andersens live at 243 East Massachusetts Avenue, Hawthorne, in a home which he owns, clear, and has an acre chicken ranch and another house, clear. He also has the two-man shoe-shop and a business building of three store rooms, which is paying for itself, and money in the bank.

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Mr. Andersen states that he has already reached his goal, does not care to become rich, and just wants to be able to work or not work, whichever he cares to do. He loves his shop and he loves his home, he says, and does not care for any change in his present status. Home life seems to be very satisfactory. He does not expect to even visit Denmark. Some time ago their little girl went to a Sunday School, and the teacher told her that Heaven is a place where everything is perfect, so her parents told the child they would try to make their home such a place. It appears that his wife and child are contributing greatly to Andersen's contentment.

From letters which he receives from Denmark he learns that automobiles and gasoline, both of which are imported to that country, are very high in price; that licenses and taxes, which were high when he lived there, are still high. His sister and husband went back 12 years ago and could not rent a house, because they were supposed to have money, because they had come from America, so they were compelled to invest their money in a home in order to have a place to live. High taxes and no work broke them, and they lost their home.

RACIAL MINORITY SURVEY-DANISH

"When I turn back to my boyhood days in Denmark, I can see little but work, work, work. That is the story of about every boy who was raised on a poor man's farm in that country. And my father was a very poor farmer. I don't mean that he didn't know how to farm. He did the best any man could do with nothing to do with. Anything any of us ever had, my father had to wring, by the sweat of his brow, out of the land he spent his life on. And all the rest of us had to sweat, too, to help him make ends meet. We had a forty-five acre farm -- it would be about that figured in American acres, I guess. It wasn't the best kind of land. Much of it was hilly, and some of it was chalk land. Guess you've heard of the chalk cliffs of England and Ireland, haven't you? Well, there was a lot of that kind of land in my father's farm. Father always wanted a better farm, but he never got enough money to buy it.

"Our farm was on the island of Moen. I was born there in 1866. There were three other boys, and five girls, which made nine children. But not nine of us lived at the same time. Two died when they were small babies, or not much more than babies. If you know how one farm family lived, you just about know all of them. As far as I know, they did about the same things every day, and lived the same way. You can be safe on one thing. They'll all tell you they had to work like heathens. It makes me tired to think of it right now when I'm sitting

here.

"The farm buildings were set in a square. That put the stable and sheds but a few steps from the living house. That wasn't as bad as it sounds. Danes keep their places clean. I know something about that. When I wasn't followin' a plow or threshing grain or somet. ing--I was cleaning stables. We raised all kinds of grain--barley, oats, rye, alfalfa and clover. You asked me about the houses? Some of them brick and some were clay. I don't remember so well about these things, even if I was twenty before I went away from there. We had a wood floor in the living house. The other buildings had either clay or cobblestone floors. Didn't have much furniture in the house. Didn't have any if you're thinking of the kind folks have nowadays. Had a table, a few rough-lookin' chairs, and a bench or two--that's about all there was to it. 'Cept the stove in the kitchen. That was made of brick. Mother stood around that stove so much, backing and trying to keep Dad, and the rest of us brats filled up, that she just about seemed a part of it. Never saw anything else but a straw roof on a farm house in Denmark. They'd last fifteen years, or so, then another was put on.

"Mother was a good woman, but not much different than any other hard working woman. Didn't have much chance to educate herself, so how could you expect her to do much about educating nine children. We were educated to work. There was no time for other things. / Most women sing to their babies, and tell them stories when they grow up a little. Guess mother did those things, too, but I don't remember much about it. We

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didn't have any lights in our house. We'd sit around a candle, stuck in a tall stick on the floor, and read as long as we could hold out, then crawl off into our straw beds. We read papers, books--anything we could get hold of. Soup was a pretty regular diet around our house. We had some meat. Raised pigs and cows. But for that, we got along as well as ~~how~~ we could. There was no complaining in our house. Whatever we got was that much, 'cause we never knew anything different. Sometimes, on Sunday, some of the neighbors would drop in, and we'd drop in on them in turn about. But there was no society doin's by our people. Mother and Dad went to church on Sunday. Sort of expected us kids to be good Christians, I guess, but that don't mean that they were very religious. Most everybody in Denmark has some religion. The State makes it kind of a business.

"I started to school when I was seven. The schoolhouse was four miles away. It was just a little one room schoolhouse. I only went every other day. There was about fifty boys and girls went to school there. The little children went three days a week, and the big ones three days. I had the same teacher my father had. He lived in the back of the school building. But he didn't know very much about teaching. Once I asked him, right in the middle of some arithmetic, to explain something to me, this is what he said: 'You can start right at the beginning again--I don't know either.' Mebbe I was dumb, but I was smart enough to know he didn't know nothing. It didn't matter much about what those teachers didn't know. They had their jobs for life, once they got started.

"When I was between thirteen and fourteen, I went to the priests -- they were Lutheran priests -- for my instruction. That last year you get nothing but religion taught you. You have to have your instruction before you can be confirmed. That is the way they wind up your education in Denmark -- getting you ready to support the priests for the rest of your life. But its a long way across the Atlantic ocean, so they haven't got much help from me. I don't mean any disrespect by that. It just worked out that way.

"Guess about the only fun I had on the farm was playing nine pins. We played outside on the ground. The pins and balls were turned out for us by some of the neighboring cabinet makers. That and fishin' was 'bout all my fun. I guess fishin' was the best of all. You know, it wasn't far to the fishin' banks. Moen had water all around it. We caught herring most of the time. When we couldn't hook our own fish, we bought fish at home on the farm from the peddlers. I still like fish, even if we did have it 'bout every morning for breakfast, the year 'round. But they have finer fish in Denmark. That cold sea water makes it taste better.

"When I was fourteen, I was confirmed. After that, I went back to work on Dad's farm. Didn't have a chance to learn a trade, like a lot of the boys did when they got through with school. Dad needed me too much on the farm. If I could have got away, I'd learned to be a carpenter. That is what seemed to run in me. My Dad was in the army three or four years, so when I was sixteen, he thought I'd better go in, too. I stayed in for training for two years. After that, the government

would call me in for a little while, now and then. Just so I wouldn't forget how it was to pack a rifle.

"My older brother went to America when I was fourteen. That made me have a hankering to go, too. But it took money to get ~~a~~ there. And it took more to keep me while I was learn-
in' to keep myself. But I was set on goin' and didn't give up the idea that I'd get there, somehow. Dad promised to give me money for transportation soon as he was able, if I'd stay and work for him on the farm. When 1888 came along, Dad let me have enough to pay boat fare. I was twenty-two then. I took the boat for New York at Copenhagen, with a stop-off in Norway.

"I wasn't treated so bad at Castle Garden, there the immigration officers were. I've seen cattle handled 'bout in the way we were, though. But I couldn't complain 'bout my treatment 'cause I didn't have enough money to pay for some-
thin' better. I remember I had two satchels - a big one and a little one. The big one was strapped over my back, and I was carrying the little one. The immigrants were packed in so close goin' through the chute that I thought the big satchel would break my back, and there wasn't room to set the little one down. I got so tired I wanted to sit down, but I couldn't do that 'cause of the jam. My brother managed to sift me out when I got off the ferry. I went to stay with my brother for two days in New York. He had a little grocery store on the East side.

"Then I went to Wisconsin to stay with an uncle until I learned a contracting business. He was a contractor in Milwaukee. I took care of his horses, too. He paid me fifty

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cents a day in the summer, for the first year, but in the winter I just got my board. I stayed with him four years. He paid me a little more each year, seeing that I was learnin' to be a carpenter fast. I didn't mind so much bein' paid so little 'cause my uncle was a good contractor, and he was teachin' me to be a good one, too. When I broke out for myself, I got a job right soon as a foreman on a building. I lived in Milwaukee for forty years, and always had a foreman's job and plenty of work to do. I went back to Denmark in 1893 and spent Christmas on the farm.

"I got married in 1898, and put up a five room home for myself. When my family begun to get bigger, I sold that house, then built another one of eight rooms. I raised five kids in Milwaukee, and made a little money, too. Wisconsin is a great state, and it suited me fine, but in January, 1927, four of my daughters went to California in an automobile for a visit. They got stuck on the California climate and wouldn't come back to Wisconsin. That made my wife lonesome, and she began to nag me 'bout goin' to California. In a sort of a way, I guess I missed the girls, too, so soon as I sold the place, we packed up and went out there.

"We struck in to Alhambra, and I begun lookin' around for some way to make a living. I found a feed and fuel company out near Arcadia who was wantin' another partner to put some money in the business. They took me in, and I bought a home in Alhambra. The feed business went along right well for two or three years. One of the firm got to runnin' the whole business. The rest of us kind o' agreed to let him manage it,

but he got big headed, and soon had the business runnin' in the hole. The depression just about cooked what was left. I lost everything. The creditors took over the business, but had a tough time getting rid of the stock and equipment. At last, me and another man made a deal with the creditors to take what was left of the stock and start out again. But business aint what it used to be before all these poultry raisers went flat. I don't see no future in the business any more. People are comin' out here from everywhere and buyin' up this land for homes. The land's gettin' too high priced for raisin' chickens and rabbits, so the poultrymen are getting out to where the land is cheaper. But I'm too old now to get into somethin' else. Lgok's like I'm in for sittin' here to see what turns up.

"You couldn't get me back to Denmark to live for all the country. I went back there again in 1929. It was good to see the old country again. One of my sisters is livin' on the old home farm. The country towns haven't changed much. The houses look just like they used to. Only, some of them have new straw roofs. Course, the insides have changed. They have electric lights, and better things in the houses. Folks live easier than they used to. But California's going to have me to put under the sod. Believe I'd a had more money if I'd stuck to Wisconsin, but I cant go back to those cold winters now. One of my brothers, and three sisters are still living in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"My wife and me belong to the Danish church in Los Angeles. I'm a member of the Danish brotherhood and the Scandinavian

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Fraternity. I've been a Republican ever since I voted in the United States. Seems like I always make money when the Republicans are in. To my way o' thinkin' this depression started way back in the days when Wilson was president. Too much money was spent for the good of the country. And the government had rules that made it hard for people to make a living. When I was contractin' in Milwaukee, I couldn't get help, or even a keg of nails to build a house. But they paid boys without trainin' fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day to make ammunition in the war factories. The principles of the American government are all right, but they don't always make them work very well.

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Scandinavian!
Norway
Sweden
Denmark
Finland

Ralph W. Black
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Edit--Hanley
10-22-36

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - DANISH

History of Thorvald Frandsen: Thorvald Frandsen was born in the town of Franaa, Denmark, in 1877. Franaa was in the western state of Jylland, not far from the city of Aarhus. Thorvald was the fifth child of six. He had three brothers and two sisters.

His father, Jens Frandsen, was the owner of a 13-acre farm. It was on this farm that Thorvald was born and reared, as were all of the Frandsen children. In keeping with the custom of the country, the Frandsen farm supported the usual number of milch cows, horses, hogs and chickens. The principal crops grown on the land were those which provided food for the table and feed for the livestock. The family's chief income came from the sale of milk and cream produced by four or five cows. A four-acre meadow furnished sufficient green feed for twelve extra cows. Additional revenue was derived from the rest of this meadow land for use as pasture.

The house which sheltered Thorvald and his family was a long, low structure, built of brick. The roof was made of sod and straw. Strips of sod, one foot wide by two and a half feet long, were laid over a supporting structure, and interlapped after the fashion a tile roof is laid. Over this sod base were placed heavy, thick mats of interwoven straw. Rye straw was used because it was hardier and more durable.

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There was a living room in the house, a large one, two bedrooms, kitchen and a pantry. The living room and one bedroom had wood floors. In other rooms, the floors were made of brick. A stove of brick construction had two compartments, one for baking, the other for general cooking. The house was heated by a cast-iron stove.

The Frandsen farm was one of the few which did not have its own torre (peat) bed. As torre was generally used for fuel, because of its cheapness, it was necessary for the Frandsens to get their supply from nearby farms. They also burned coal and wood.

The house and quarter acre yard were well shaded by poplar trees. A variety of fruit trees provided fresh apples, pears and cherries in season. Gooseberries and currants were also grown on the place. For a between meals snack, a thick spread of gooseberry or currant jelly on a slice of rye bread was relished by Thorvald. Beds of roses, dahlias and asters colored and brightened the homestead. In the vegetable garden plot were grown potatoes, kale, carrots, beets, cabbage and onions.

Thorvald's mother was tall and slender. She possessed an average education and strove constantly for cultural advancement. Her even temper and kindly nature enable her children to absorb that which makes a congenial home life. She was practical and considerate in the conduct of her home and was

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an excellent cook.

The dish favored by Thorvald was kale soup, which his mother prepared from finely chopped vegetables, to which was added salt pork or ham bone. Boiled cabbage, stuffed with chopped meat, was another favorite dish. Potatoes were usually served, and were especially relished when covered with gravy made of pork drippings and milk. Thorvald was also fond of salt pork, sliced and fried brown. No breakfast was more enjoyable to him than when he was served with a mush made of heavy rye bread soaked in beer (home brew), over which was poured milk or cream. Beer served the year round supplanted water on the Frandsen table.

Thorvald's school days were typical of those of the average Danish boy. He walked a Danish mile ($3\frac{1}{2}$ American miles) to the traditional one-room brick school house, and made the trip despite adverse weather. Only extreme weather conditions prevented his attendance at school. He played ball, but not the American type of baseball. He played with a larger, softer ball. Just throwing or batting the ball around was "playing ball" to him. His gymnastic exercises at school were the most interesting of all his recreational activities. He prepared all of his lessons at home, and spent the day at school reciting to the schoolmaster. In contrast to many Danish school boys, he was required to do no chores in the morning before going to school.

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The celebration of Christmas was the most important event of the year in the Frandsen home. The Yuletide observance began on the evening of December 24 and continued until the close of New Year's day, one week later. No work was performed during the entire week. The family attended two church services on Christmas Day, in the morning and afternoon, then attended one service each day for the two following days. On some days during the festive week there would be as many as six families gathered at the home. Easter was another holiday observed. Thorvald attended the Lutheran church and Sunday school.

Thorvald was confirmed, or graduated from the grade school, at the age of fourteen. He immediately went to work on an adjacent farm of sixty acres, where he earned 12 kroner (\$3.00) a month, and his room and board. But in Denmark, the hired farm workers were looked upon as members of the family, and were treated as such. They received many little extra favors and attentions.

After six months at this farm, Thorvald went to the town of Fyn to learn the carpenter trade. He had early decided upon a career in building construction. In order to attain that ambition, he served his three years of apprenticeship without pay, with only his room and board furnished. He lived in the home of the snedker (cabinet-maker), under whom he received his training.

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While he was learning the trade, Thorvald attended evening school for two years, learning architectural drawing. As a final test of his fitness, he was required to make a drawing, or model. A winding staircase was the model he chose to erect. Locked in a room at the Court House, he was not permitted to leave until the model had been completed.

Thorvald followed his trade for six months, earning eight kroner each day that he was employed. He was 19 when he decided to fulfill his military obligation to his government. He served eight months in a military camp at Copenhagen. Upon leaving the service, he went to high school for six months, where he continued his study of architectural drawing. The Danish Government contributed 60 kroner toward his tuition fee, which was half of the amount required.

Until he was 25, Thorvald possessed but a casual interest in America. Like many of his countrymen, he had entertained little hope that some day he might emigrate there. In 1900, a former neighbor of the Frandsen family returned to Denmark for a visit. While there, he convinced Thorvald that, with his thorough and practical knowledge of building construction, a far better field awaited him in America from which to profit by his experience and training. Thorvald made swift decision to forsake his Denmark for the land across the sea.

With 200 kroner in his pocket, ~~loaned~~ ^{lent} to him by his

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father, he sailed from Copenhagen for Liverpool in the spring of 1903, accompanied by his neighbor friend. He entered the United States through the port of Boston. Because he was traveling with a citizen of the United States, his movements were unrestricted. When he had landed he entered a barber shop. Here he encountered his first surprise. He could not understand why the barber washed the lather from his face with a wet towel. In Denmark, even at a barber shop, he went to a bowl and washed his own face.

Within three hours after leaving the steamship, he boarded a train for California. Boston had proved no surprise to him. Because the railroad traversed the most unattractive section of the city, he was at a disadvantage in forming his first impression of the physical character of America. He was deeply disappointed in the buildings he saw along the route, and the improvements in general. When he arrived at his California destination, Fresno, America had still fallen short of his expectations. Not until he began to move about the area and witness the great farming enterprises and activities of the San Joaquin Valley did the country begin to measure up to his cherished hopes.

Thorvald spent his first month in California working on a farm near Fresno. He then went by stage to Pine Ridge, 60 miles back in the Sierras, in search of a job at a logging camp. He approached the foreman of the camp with the only

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word of English he knew, "carpenter." He repeated the word several times before the foreman understood that he was asking for a job as carpenter. Finally, the foreman pointed to a house under construction several hundred yards away. Thorvald did not know whether he was being assigned to a job on the house, or whether he was being referred to someone in charge. By way of settling the question in his mind, he put on his carpenter apron and went onto the roof, where he joined the other workers. Whatever were the foreman's original intentions, Thorvald stayed on the job for seven months, earning \$45 a month.

This was the first time he had been thrown entirely upon his own resources, away from his own people. Unable to speak English, he had depended upon the friend, with whom he had come all the way from Denmark to Fresno, to assist him in making his way. While enroute to the logging camp, he followed the example of the other passengers. When the stage stopped at a small mountain inn to allow the passengers to have luncheon, Thorvald was hungry, but confused as to how to order his food. In desperation, he pointed to the plate of the man sitting next to him at the counter, signifying that he would have the same. When he left the logging camp, however, he could speak considerable English.

At the close of the logging season, Thorvald went back to the Fresno district and engaged in carpenter work at

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Reedley. At this time, he also leased a 20-acre farm, set out to grapes and peaches. He hired a man to care for the fruit ranch while he continued to earn four dollars a day at his carpenter trade. When he had had the ranch but six months, the owner returned from the east and wanted to have the place back again. Thorvald was offered \$200 and the crop for immediate possession. He accepted the offer and vacated the house, then engaged his man to remove the crop on an equal share basis. When the crop was harvested, Thorvald was returned a check for \$600. This transaction completed, Thorvald went back to the logging camp for another four months. In June, he returned to Reedley and resumed his carpenter trade.

Because there were many Danish people living in the area about Fresno, Thorvald rapidly made friends and social contacts. He was married in 1903, having met his wife at an informal card party eight months previously. Romance budded at their first meeting, and courtship continued until the day of their marriage. However, it was the wife's brother who was responsible for bringing the two together. It was he who deliberately planned the social gathering and their subsequent meeting for he had known Thorvald and found qualities in him which he admired. Mrs. Frandsen is of German birth. Up to the time of her marriage to Thorvald, she had been employed as a housekeeper in one of Fresno's well-to-do homes.

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In order to provide a home suitable to the wishes of his wife, Thorvald purchased a sixty-acre vineyard, upon which was an attractive house. But the investment proved to be more than he could satisfactorily handle. After making payments for three years, he decided to take the loss, and allowed the place to revert to the original owner.

At no time did Thorvald entirely forsake his carpenter trade. His proficiency in that line of work made it possible for him, at all times, to maintain his immediate household. At the time he was severing his connection with the vineyard ranch, earthquake and fire wrought destruction to San Francisco. He reasoned that many carpenters would be required to do the work of rebuilding the damaged sections of the city. Moreover, he was anxious to see other parts of the state. He went to San Francisco in September, 1906, and remained there for one year, during which time he was not idle for a single day. With his wife and two-year-old son, he lived in a second-story flat of five large furnished rooms, the rental of which was only fifteen dollars monthly. Although there was more room than necessary, Thorvald was astonished to find such spacious living quarters for so little money.

Thorvald felt a greater appreciation for Southern California sunshine after he had gone to San Francisco. The consistently damp and foggy weather of the northern bay district

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did not appeal to him, nor to his wife. When he came back to Fresno, it was with a firm resolve to establish himself in Southern California permanently. He knew that the climatic conditions of the Middle West and the Atlantic seaboard were comparable to those of his native Denmark. He had not objected to the severe winters of his boyhood because he knew nothing else. But the extreme summer warmth of the San Joaquin Valley had thinned his blood, and made him determined to remain in a warmer climate.

Back in the Fresno district, he took up residence at Del Rey. He felt that he was now ready to work for himself, so he entered into the contracting business on his own responsibility. For the next 17 years he was engaged in building construction, both of residences and commercial structures. Most of the homes he built were constructed under contract with individuals. About 1920, however, he began building for himself and offering the houses for sale. This method was proving highly successful when the agricultural depression of 1923 set in. The demand for homes came to an abrupt end. In fact, Thorvald found himself with two newly completed houses that he was unable to sell. In addition to his building activities, he engaged in buying and selling small farms. He still has a ten-acre farm on his hands, the value of which is considerably less than the amount paid for it.

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A substantial bank account was evidence, though, that Thorvald had profited well from his business enterprises, despite a few minor losses. At least, he felt financially able to take himself and family on a trip to Europe in the summer of 1922, visiting England, France, Germany and Denmark. Of the four months he was abroad, most of the time was spent at the old farm home visiting with his mother. In less than a year after going to California, Thorvald had sent back the \$200 which his father had loaned to him when he came to America. While visiting his mother, she told him how greatly surprised his father had been to receive the money so soon, and how pleased and comforted he was to know that his son was faring well enough in America to be able to return the money promptly.

Shortly after his return from abroad, Thorvald came to Los Angeles and obtained employment with the Wescott Construction Company. Two years later, he was made superintendent of construction by that firm, a position he held until the latter part of 1935.

Although Thorvald was employed in Los Angeles, he had an increasing desire to establish a home out of the city. In 1925, he moved to Alhambra, where he is now living. He occupies an attractively furnished duplex in a desirable section of the community. He knows of no place in the world he would rather live than in the vicinity of Los Angeles. He

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has four sons and one daughter. The oldest child is 32, the youngest 14, and a student in the Alhambra high school. The only daughter, although married, is employed by a Los Angeles mercantile firm.

Thorvald, since the first day he arrived in America, has never been without means to support himself or family. Minor reverses have beset his career in this country, but he has never been compelled to do without the necessities of life, nor have those, who were dependent upon him. For the past year, he has been acting as an inspector of public school buildings for the State of California.

It is possible that his present connection may be terminated when the school buildings, now under his supervision, are completed. In that event, he plans to return to the employ of the Wescott Construction Company, or to again enter the contracting business for himself.

Thorvald's devotion and allegiance to America, and its institutions, are beyond question. His true feeling toward the United States may be best exemplified by turning back to his visit to Europe in 1922. According to his own statement, his trip through England, France and Germany was "flat and uninteresting." Uninteresting, he meant, when compared to the interest he has in the United States. Even having set foot again on the soil of his native Denmark failed to particularly thrill him. His entire stay in Europe, aside from

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the weeks he spent at home, was nothing more than an outing. The only recompense came from being with his mother again.

Thorvald is of the opinion that, regardless of general economic conditions throughout the world, America offers greater security, and a happier state of living to the average individual than does any other country in the world. He has implicit faith in the leadership of President Roosevelt, and believes that the program of economic and social reform inaugurated by the present Administration in Washington, if permitted to continue, will result in the kind of government which every man, woman and child, irrespective of nationality or color, conscientiously hopes to see established.

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I was born in the year 1893, in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark. I was the fifth child of eight children, and had two brothers and five sisters. Because my father was in the nursery business, we lived on a much larger tract of land than was customary for the average family in Copenhagen to occupy. There were about three acres in the place, most of which, of course, was used for the growing of nursery stock.

The house in which we lived was built something on the order of the English houses of those days, and spread over a considerable area of ground. The walls were constructed of brick, over which were panels of stucco. The original roof was made of straw. In later years, the straw was covered with tar roofing. Every year, in the spring, the roof was given a fresh coat of whitewash. It was a steep, sloping roof, with several gables. There were ten rooms in the house - five on the ground floor and five above. The rooms upstairs were separated by a large loft, which was used as a store room ~~for~~ a drying room. I will never forget that loft, for I was always afraid to pass through it alone. It stood between my bedroom and the bedroom of two of my sisters. While I was walking through this dark place one night, I saw the glaring eyes of a cat over in a corner. But I didn't know at the time that I was seeing the eyes of a cat. I thought it was some terrible beast, ready to spring after me. Always

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after that, I carried a lighted candle when I went through the loft, so that those frightening eyes could not be seen in the dark.

There were four bedrooms in the house, one of which was occupied solely by my parents. The two boys had one room to themselves, while we six girls shared the other two. Our family was too large for each one of us to have a separate bedroom, but each member of the family did have a separate bed, and that meant a lot of work for the three maids which father always kept in the home. Everything on the beds was completely turned each day. Father and mother had an eiderdown mattress on their bed, but we children slept on mattresses made of goose feathers. The beds had no springs. The thick billowy mattress were laid over slats. Father had a friend who was a lieutenant in the Danish army. Occasionally he and his wife came to visit in our home. I always smile when I think of how the lieutenant's wife told of the first night she slept on one of those mattresses. When she got into bed, she said, she sank down, down, down until she heard a mouse squeal. Then she knew that she had finally struck bottom, which was the slats.

The living room and dining room were really separate, but a large door opening between made them very much like one room. On the floor of the dining was a linoleum rug, while the living room floor was literally covered with a number of small Oriental rugs. Father had actually collected some

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valuable ones from different sources over a long period of time. Every room in the house had painted wooden floors. In the center of the dining room stood a large, square oak table, matched by twelve oak chairs. All of the furniture in the living and dining rooms was refinished.

Then there was another large room which was fitted up as a sitting room for us children. In this room we entertained our playmates when they came into the house. The floor was covered with linoleum. A long heavy table was in the center of the room. It was not exactly a fine table, but one that would stand the knocks and abuse that children would naturally give a piece of furniture. The most prized piece of furniture of all, though, was a settee with rolled arm rests. We children were constantly struggling and squabbling to get possession of the seat.

A walnut Chippendale chiffoner was another piece in the room which was cherished by us children.

One of the things about the house which stands out vividly in my memory was the door which opened out into the glass inclosed veranda. The upper panel of this door was made of little squares of glass of many colors. The deep colors blended so effectively that, in my mind, it remains a beautiful door of shining jewels. All of the principal rooms were heated by iron heaters. Coal, wood and sometimes peat were burned in the heaters. Once the heaters got the rooms thoroughly heated, there would be enough heat to warm up adjoining

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rooms which had no heaters. We also had coal oil heaters which were lighted until the house became comfortably warm from the other heaters. The coal oil heaters could be carried from room to room, if necessary.

There was about half an acre of immediate yard space. The yard about the house was cut off from the nursery grounds by a row of birch trees and high hedges. It was well shaded by other trees, such as cherry and lilac. The lilacs actually grew to be very large trees -- not just the bushes which are more frequently seen in California. And there were plots of grass about the yard and a grass croquet court. I particularly remember one plot of lawn, in the center of which grew a fine old pear tree. Then we had our flower garden, too. Under the large birch and elm trees we had our swings, rings, bars and other gymnastic equipment. There were several outbuildings, among them a stable, feed room and a shed wherein we stored the coal, wood and peat. I haven't forgotten the huge elderberry tree which shaded the fuel house, and up which we youngsters so often climbed to eat the berries.

In fact, I was one of the two girls who were considered the tomboys of the family. I was always climbing trees - jumping and dropping from limb to limb like a monkey. Once a carpenter, from the room of a nearby building on which he was working, spied me lying out on the end of a limb of a tree, in what appeared to him to be a precarious position. It made him so nervous that he got down from the building

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and came all the way to the house to warn mother of the danger which seemed to threaten me. I told you that two of us girls were regular tomboys. But I had two sisters who were just the opposite in temperament and habits. They were always nice and ladylike in manner, and would never think of indulging in such boyish pranks as climbing trees and running about outdoors like wild Indians. The remaining two girls were sort of a happy medium between the other four of us. They were quite tolerant of my own bold antics, and never really approached refinement in their daily conduct. In spite of my carefree spirit and, at times, careless attitude toward life, there was one weak spot in my makeup which I was unable to hide. I must confess that I was afraid of the dark. My brothers and sisters were known to mildly chide me about this, especially if I ever got boastful or arrogant. I know, and my family knew, that my fear of the dark, when alone, began at the time I saw the glaring eyes in the corner of the drying loft. A night or two after that experience I dreamt that a lion was chasing me about the loft. I have had frequent nightmares ever since that time. I was dreadfully frightened whenever I went to the privy at night, even though it was not more than fifty or sixty feet from the house.

I never attended the public schools, but went to a private school, where it was necessary to pay tuition. I was allowed to start at the second grade because I had had some early instruction from an aunt who lived for awhile in our

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home. I walked nine miles to the private school and back each day, although there was a public school within several minutes walk of my home. And I was never late in getting to school during all the years I attended. While the pupils were expected to study their lessons in the evenings, I hardly ever looked at a book at home as long as I went to the grade school.

My grandfather was a tutor to the children of many of the noble families of Denmark. While not engaged in teaching, he spent a great deal of time at horseback riding and other outdoor exercises. Later in years, he was appointed bishop of a district in southern Jutland. When his death occurred my parents took over the three servants who had served in his home for a long time. Although my father was not wealthy, he had a good income from his nursery. Besides, he had profited well from the sale of some land. It was customary as well, in Denmark, for families of even moderate means to have help in the home.

So, with three servants in the house, and all the help hired that was needed in the nursery, we children had plenty of time to do as we pleased. We had very little housework to do. On Sunday, when the servants were given the day off, some of us had to wash the dinner dishes. But usually there was a squabble over who would have to do them. I packed sandwiches to school for my lunch, and would get home about

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three o'clock in the afternoon. We would have our dinner about five o'clock in the evening, after which I either played with the other children or read books. I was very fond of reading fairy tales and about the exploits of Scandinavian explorers. Often we children would darken the house and play hide and seek both indoors and out. About three months before each Christmas we had a club which would circulate from home to home. Some of the time we would play cards for prizes. At other times we would listen while books were read. Sometimes a parent at the home which the club was visiting would do the reading. Again, it would be a boy or girl member of the club. When the club came to our home one of my brothers would generally read. The books of Louisa Alcott were always favorites with the club.

One of my brothers had a mania for fireworks, or anything in fact which smelled of gunpowder. He was constantly trying to blow his head off by some silly experiment or stunt with powder. One Sunday, while our parents were at the Lutheran church, he took a notion to entertain the rest of us who were playing in the children's room, by a unique display of fireworks. All around the oak table, he poured little piles of powder, then set about to ignite the piles in rapid succession. But somehow the fire got into the box which contained his supply of powder, just as

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he was bent over it. The blast of flame and smoke caught him almost full in the face. He recovered to find that all of the hair had been scorched from his head and that the flesh about his neck and face was badly burned. Years after, he still carried some of the scars which resulted from that foolish performance. But he lost the desire to smell ~~of~~ gunpowder.

My mother and father were both frugal parents. But necessities were never denied any one of the family. We were never permitted to dress flashily or expensively, but always had plenty of comfortable clothes to wear. And there was an abundance of food always to be found in the house. But it was simple, wholesome food. At breakfast we children usually had cocoa and bread -- pumpernickel or white bread. Mother and father had coffee and some kind of mush. I told you that I took my lunch to school. For dinner, mush or fruit soup was served first. The cereal might have been tapioca or sago, cooked with lemon, wine and the yolks of eggs. Next came meat, potatoes and a vegetable. The meat was a roast, stew or steaks of lamb, beef or pork. No desert followed. That was usually the fruit soup at the beginning of the meal. On Friday we had fish. But I didn't care for fish, so I made it a point to save my spending money to buy candy on Friday. When dinner time came, I had eaten so much candy that I had no appetite

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for fish. There were times when we would have corned beef. The roasts generally appeared on Sunday. Potatoes were most likely to be cooked with the jackets on, then cut into pieces and spread with white sauce, or gravy, as you would call it in America.

One of the maids which came to our home from my grandfather's house was quite elderly. I think she was past eighty-two years of age. She had been a fixture in grandfather's home, so my parents took her in. Father was inclined to be charitable, anyway, especially to old people. He was always doing things to help them. The elderly maid habitually wore a woolen bonnet. When she retired at night she wore something else about her head. Of course we didn't see her after she had gone to bed. But one day, much to her horror, mother discovered that the old lady's hair had not been washed or combed for years. It was a musty mat of lifeless hair, reeking with mites. Mother lost no time in giving her a long neglected shampoo, and also cut her hair very short. Once having cleansed her hair, mother saw to it that it was washed regularly and frequently.

No birthday in the family was allowed to go by unobserved. If it was the birthday of one of us children, a party was given in celebration of the event. Our young friends would be invited for an afternoon of play out of doors, if the weather was good. We often had tableaux out on the lawn, with lighting effects, or give short plays. Chocolate,

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sandwiches and cake would be served for refreshments. Sometimes, we had beer. The sandwiches were made in Danish style, that is, the bread was buttered on but one side, and left open on the place. Over the bread was laid meat, cheese, sardines or something else suitable for sandwiches. On mother's birthday, chocolate and cake were served, but father's anniversary called for a more elaborate dinner. For these two occasions, we children would hang corn flowers from the dining room ceiling.

Only mother and father ate butter on their bread. They bought the finest Danish butter in individual crocks, with a cover. Nothing in this country can compare with the real Danish butter for flavor and aroma. The rest of us spread oleomargarine on our bread. And what quantities of it we did consume -- fully ten pounds a week.

It was not at all surprising to have mother and father announce, overnight, that they were going to take a trip to some part of Europe -- to Paris, London or Rome. They traveled a great deal, and were gone for periods of from two to three weeks. When we were younger, an aunt would come and stay with us children while our parents were away. Later on, mother and father felt safe in leaving us with the oldest sister. Even with our parents at home, we children had to look out for ourselves most of the time, for our home was seldom without elderly guests. Mother and father were kept

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quite busy entertaining and caring for them. Mother could usually relieve any impatience on my part by instructing one of the maids to make some ableskiber for me. That was always my special treat. Ableskiber were round balls of pancake dough, raised with yeast, filled with apple sauce and fried brown. My brother was fond of them, too. One day he fell from his bicycle and cut his leg severely. While he was lying in bed he ask one of the maids for an ableskiber. She took him one. Then he asked for another and another. He made the request twenty-four times. The maid, having pity for him because he was injured, carried him twenty-four ableskiber. That was enough to paralyze any person because of the great quantity of yeast in them. He survived the ordeal, but did not ask for ableskiber again for some days.

After I finished junior high school, at the age of seventeen, I went to the University for eighteen months, where I studied pharmacy with the view of becoming a practical nurse. Out of the University, I went to a sanitarium, nine miles out of Copenhagen, to serve three and one half years as an apprentice in nursing. The town where the sanitarium was located was Scotsburg. While I was in training at the sanitarium, I went home to visit twice each month. During this time I had several little romantic affairs. Because of lack of genuine interest, they were short-lived, however. All of us girls had had a good home, so we were not interested in marriage from that standpoint. Each of

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my sisters married late. I was attentive to my nursing career, and was determined to carry on for awhile, at least. When I had finished my training course, I took charge of a pharmacy in Copenhagen for another three years.

I first became interested in America while I was in training at the sanatorium. A nurse returning from the United States told me that she thought I could make good there as a practical nurse. That was the spark which started me to planning a trip to the United States. I saved what I could from my earnings so that I would be ready when the final decision was made. I had no intention to ever remain in America, but I wanted to see the country about which I had heard so much.

The decision to go to America was made in 1920, when I was approaching my twenty-seventh birthday. I planned to go alone, and sailed from Copenhagen direct to New York. It was a splendid trip across the Atlantic and I enjoyed every minute of it. The climate of Denmark had never agreed too well with me, but the ocean voyage made me feel like a new person.

Romance budded again while on board ship. This time, it was an unusual circumstance which brought it my way. Seated close to where my steamer chair was located was a couple who apparently were brother and sister. I had observed that the man was a fine looking young chap, but that

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was all there had been to it for me. He was just another good looking man. I was seated in a chair of my own that I had brought on board. It was an old chair and not too secure. Unexpectedly though, the chair gave way, and I found myself sitting flat on the deck. Before I could regain my feet entirely, the nice appearing man was at my side, giving assistance. I saw much of him and his sister after that incident. Before leaving the ship we agreed to correspond with each other. The man lived in Cleveland.

At Ellis Island I met a police officer who was an acquaintance of friends of mine in New York. Through his cooperation I was permitted to pass through without much delay. I met my friends later at a hotel. I thought New York was magnificent at the first sight of it, though I felt awkward at first in the city with my meager knowledge of English.

I secured a job immediately caring for a physician's two children. I stayed on this job for six months, dividing my time between their Fifth Avenue home in New York and a country home they had in Connecticut. America began to appeal to me immensely. Everything appeared to be on a more substantial and prosperous basis. As a youngster in Denmark, I had always craved action. America seemed to have plenty of it. I admired the dash and alertness of the

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people I contacted daily. I forgot to tell you that my New York friends lived in the Bronx. They invited me to remain with them until I got my bearings. The trip to the Bronx on the elevated seemed like such a tremendous distance that I became much concerned about the amount of the fare. I insisted to my friends that they should not have to bear such an expense. When they dismissed my plea with a wave of the hand and informed me that the fare was but five cents, I was dumfounded.

I had written to the sanatorium at Battle Creek, Michigan about getting a nursing position there. They advised me that I would have to report there in person before I could be given consideration. I had been recommended for a position by a Danish doctor.

On my way to Battle Creek, I stopped over at Cleveland to visit for several days in the home of the man I met aboard the ship. I must confess to you now that the affair had progressed further than I, at first, admitted. The man had actually proposed to me before I left the ship. I must confess further, that I had quite an interest in him, but I wanted to know something about his family and his home life. So I had consented to the visit. To avoid going into detail, and to shorten the story, I'll tell you frankly that I was not impressed with his family, and my feeling toward him cooled after staying four days in his home, even

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though he made a valiant effort to force the marriage.

So I went on to Battle Creek. When I reported to the superintendent of nurses at the sanitarium I was told that I might have to wait as long as two weeks before my application could be acted upon. While I was being interviewed I heard an assembly singing "Onward Christian Soldier." I cannot tell you how comforting it was to hear the singing of that hymn. It made me feel that I would be perfectly at home there. I went to a hotel and engaged a room for the night. I paid three dollars and a half for the room, an amount that seemed like a fortune to me.

While I was unpacking some things from my bag, I received a message from the sanitarium requesting me to report there for duty the next morning. I do not know what it was that caused them to act so quickly, but that's what happened. I went to work in the massage room, where I remained for seven months. At the end of that time I was offered a position as special nurse to the daughter of the founder of Montgomery-Ward & Company for a period of three months. I lived in my room and found conditions very agreeable. When that case was completed I did special nursing for several months more.

I had been offered a trip to California, as a nurse, for four months, with all of my expenses paid, but did not accept it at the time. Now, that I had earned some money,

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and felt generally encouraged, I decided that I wanted to see California. From what I had been told, I felt that my health would be better there. In 1921 I went to Berkeley where I did special nursing for awhile. Finally, I applied at the County Hospital of Contra Costa County for a position. It just happened that a nurse, who had been engaged for work, had failed to report that day. The superintendent offered me the place that was being held for her. I worked in the hospital there for a year and a half.

One of my patients in the hospital at Martinez was a foreman on bridge construction. A romance developed here and we were married in 1923. We made our home in Oakland and Berkeley. I had not been married long before I realized that I had chosen poorly in selecting a husband. I have often wondered if my married life would not have been happier and more successful had I accepted any one of my previous suitors. It turned out that my husband was a heavy drinker. Dissatisfaction gradually arose. But the baby came and it seemed that there was nothing else to do but see matters through. We owned the home in Oakland. That was some advantage. My husband died in 1929, and I, with my little girl, came to Pasadena. I opened up a beauty and reducing parlor in East Pasadena. Although I was repeatedly advised that I could not succeed in the location selected, I did

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quite well after the first few weeks, and made a comfortable living for myself and twelve year old daughter all through the depression, but it required a lot of hard work. I had to go out and actually bring in my patrons. Once having served them, though, I have managed to hold most of them. With a better business outlook, I am looking forward hopefully. I own a modest little home, secluded partially by trees and shrubbery. My daughter has just entered junior high school and is getting to an age where she is helpful in maintaining the home.

I have to work long hours, from ten to fifteen a day, but soon I may be able to hire more help and have more time for recreation. I enjoy music and literature, but have little time to give to them. My daughter is learning to play the violin and piano. I read the trade journals in an effort to keep up with methods that will advance my business. For a few moments of variation, I enjoy reading a good detective story. I am a member of the Seventh Day Adventists church. I believe in the American form of government, and have every reason to profess loyalty to American institutions. I am of the opinion that President Roosevelt was the man to have been in office for the past four years. I was inclined to believe, however, that Governor Landon was the conservative type of man which the country might need during the next four years. I voted for him,

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but I am not greatly disappointed at the re-election of President Roosevelt. My greatest objection to the American System is the enormous amount of money spent annually, not only for the operation of government, but in private industry as well. I think that many of the large salaries paid to corporation heads and officials are not justified.

But that is something for the American people themselves to determine, and I am proud to be known as an American citizen. Meanwhile, my little daughter assures me that we are going to win out in our own little struggle for existence, and I quite believe that she is right.

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY-DANISH

Carl E. Andersen, resident at the YMCA, 715 South Hope Street, Los Angeles, has been a clerk at Sears Roebuck department store on East Ninth Street most of the time since he arrived from Denmark.

Andersen was born in the city of Copenhagen October 31, 1908, the son of a Danish tailor who owned his shop, Carl B. Andersen, and Julianne Jensen, whose only occupation had been housewife. Carl came to the United States in 1926 when he was but 19 years old, with the settled intention of staying here-- at least until he had made his fortune in oil. He blames the Depression for his never having been able to gain a position with an oil company. Also he says he encountered unexpected competition here and the way was harder than he had expected to encounter.

He left Denmark because that country was too small and did not afford him sufficient opportunity but is sure he would have been better off now had he stayed there. However, he has no intention of returning. He had read much about oil, but his selection of Los Angeles as his immediate destination resulted from his mother's aunt living here.

The United States "might have been what he expected" but was not "owing to the Depression." Without that, he believes, there would have been more chance to get rich.

Such rather youthful and naive ideas would mislead a person who might be attempting to estimate Andersen's weight as

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a personality, as will be seen by further inquiry into his education and commercial and financial sophistication.

Asked regarding his early heroes, he mentioned at once H. N. Andersen, no relative of his, who went as a poor boy to Siam, worked in teak wood plantations, returned to Denmark, established steamship lines and became very rich. Carl thought he could do something of the sort. Besides the East Asiatic Steamship Company, he studied the business of three Americans, Ford, Rockefeller and Morgan.

He says he was not interested in political leaders. Thorwalsen, a Danish sculptor, whose statues may be seen at Forest Lawn Cemetery, Glendale, came to his mind.

He uses very good English, with little brogue, and describes as "grand" his first impression of New York. He saw almost nothing there, however, as he boarded a train at once--the wrong train--and does not know exactly where he was--"somewhere in the South"--when he discovered that he was to arrive in New Orleans instead of Chicago. He had studied considerable English and could read, but on arrival in this country was unable to understand anyone--it seemed as if they talked so fast. He recollects the absurdity of his Danish winter overcoat in the sunny Southeastern train.

Childhood. Andersen's parents belonged to the middle class in the Danish capital. They attended the Lutheran church, as he continues to do here. He has one brother and one sister, who have no desire to emigrate. His mother told her children stories, including Andersen's "fairy tales", and sang them

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children's songs. They played in a central park oftentimes--had no yard at home--and no supervised play outside of school. The father's interest in his children was not so great as the mother's but he often played with them such games as tag and football in the parks. They had no group recreation. Carl was taught to read and write a little by his mother before he attended school.

School. At the age of six he entered the first grade. All schools were private then and tuition was paid. In two or three years the state took over the schools. Carl did not like school. There were about 30 pupils in one class. From six to fourteen, he studied reading, writing, arithmetic, gymnastics, physics, history, geography, physiology, drawing, singing, etc. He still keeps many school books, including one for age six or seven in which he studied notes and words of songs. Each year children were given a new songbook, as they grew older.

At this period he knew a soldier whom he considered a hero. Teachers told of Tordenskjold, famous in the Danish army as a strategist who fooled the enemy time and again.

His recollection of the subjects of songs included flowers, woods, landscape and some remance; but he was not taught any fanciful tales "until he studied real history."

Andersen finished the highest grade in accepted fashion when he was fourteen--the eighth. Then also according to accepted Danish custom he got a job with a company which would send him to school four more years. First he studied writing

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letters and typing in the office of a steamship company. Every company has to send its young employes to a business college--they are chosen out of elementary school with this expectation--and all his expenses were paid for four years. He slept at home, took a lunch for noon, but was given free dinner by the company. During this period he read a few novels, which he remembers indistinctly. At the age of 19 he had finished the business course, which included German and English, bookkeeping, foreign trade, business administration, banking, insurance, etc. His acquaintance with young Americans leads him to opine that they are astonishingly lacking in "practical" information.

Community: Andersen does not recollect attending what might have been called festivals. He had no interest there in politics, but spent much time in football and rowing in a skiff on the harbor, where he won two prizes. He is very quiet and unobtrusive and rather small--not at all the big loud boasting athlete. As to holidays, he remembers Constitution Day, June 5; a half-holiday May 1, Labor Day; Christmas, Easter, Whitsunday at which times the business community usually took four days' vacation instead of one as here. On those days he went to church and to the parks. He never had native costumes, which he says were used mostly by farmers. He used a free public library, which also had a department for children.

America. He did not like the looks of the Negro huts in cotton states--probably is a bit ashamed to admit that he was uncertain whether the dark-colored people might be partly Indians, altho

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he appears to have recognized Arizona as the definitely Indian country. People were helpful when he could not speak English; to learn took him about half a year at the age of 19 in Los Angeles, and it was harder than he had expected. During that time or before, Andersen read much of United States history, including subjects--the gold rush, oil and good roads. He still receives a Danish weekly paper and some Danish books, but has given himself over almost wholly to English, reads numerous library books on economics and business, and believes if he has any children they will not speak Danish. Reading Danish has become harder, and to speak it had become so "awful" that he lately joined a Danish club.

Although he is certain he would have been better off financially had he remained in his native land, he has not given up hope here and does not plan to return. His training in boyhood toward employment now comes out strongly, for instead of trying to get into oil or other get-rich-quick concerns, he has spent nearly all his time working as steadily as a man of fifty in a large store. He feels that he is in that business and will be kept and his services will in the end be recognized. "But it takes a long long time." American companies do not keep men permanently and care for them well, like Danish companies, he believes. Boys go into large concerns in Denmark and stay all their lives. Companies do not take them at his age--thirty--he would not be able to get in again if he should return. No one has to worry about the possibility of being fired in Denmark. At 65 employees retire on a pension. They

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spend their wages as they receive them in Danmark, feeling secure for the future, and do not try hard to save. Companies do more to care for employes.

An employe of a large Danish company may not receive as large a salary as the same work would bring here, and he has difficulty in saving except for use on vacations. But besides being sure of his job, he can be sick with no deduction. Here one loses his salary as soon as he is sick. Many Danish companies own places for taking vacations, and furnish all expenses except food. Employes are treated with more consideration than here, he says.

Within recent years Andersen has become a citizen. If he should return to Denmark, it would be to visit. He has a girl here whom he has attended for several years--a bank president's daughter, of Danish descent.

He doesn't "stop to think of improving the United States". But the thought comes at once that young people are not very considerate of other people's property or rights. They are not respectful. They shove their dirty dishes in front of you at a restaurant. A boy in Denmark is as old at 14 as an American is at 18 or 19; but when they reach 25 they are about the same, he says.

When France went off the gold standard lately, young Andersen was asked by the local Sears Roebuck management to explain to 14 or 15 buyers what it was all about. Their education had not included the subject. At the time of this interview

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he was studying a course in income tax bookkeeping from a local university.

He subscribes for the Daily News and the Readers' Digest.

He intends to vote for Roosevelt. His father is a Socialist and his own attitude regarding Danish politics remains still that of a young son. While he maintains that he has not spent much time on politics and has few if any statesmen heroes, this is likely a relative attitude, relative to his far greater interest in business. Denmark, Norway and Sweden are socialist countries; and the recent vote of the Socialist party in Sweden showed the remarkable increase of 20%, he noticed. There are other smaller parties, which, however, do not run the countries of Scandinavia. It is an insult here to call anyone a socialist, he says. People don't know what it means. He would have evaded this subject and any acknowledgement of his theories had not this writer known him and had previous conversation. Fifty per cent of American political theory is socialistic, he believes, but people are so ignorant of the economic meaning of their scattered theories that they do not know that socialistic is the word that applies.

Recently Andersen induced one of his young business associates to complete an unfinished high school course by attending night school; and another to occupy his useless spare time by studying piano and some other course at night school.

Danish Population of California

There are roughly thirty thousand Danes who were born in Denmark living in California, and more of this group (born in Denmark) are in California than in any other state. For a number of years they have steadily trekked westward after brief stays in the Middle West.

In northern California there is a large Danish colony engaged principally in dairy-farming. South of Fresno and in a colony near Santa Barbara there are other groups. A great many live around the San Francisco Bay.

The Danes in the rural districts naturally preserve more of the homeland in their lives than those who have settled in the cities, but even these cling tenaciously to many of their customs. This is especially true of foods, handwork, music and dancing.

Singing societies have always been especially important in Danish life, and every Danish group in America has one or more of these. In Oakland there are both a Men's and a Women's Singing Society.

DANISH HOLIDAYS

With rare exceptions, Danish holidays are closely connected with the Lutheran Church, which is the Danish State Church. Before Luther, Catholicism was important in Denmark, and certain favorite Catholic holidays have continued to exist under Lutheranism. Research will undoubtedly show an even older base for many of these days.

New Years is really celebrated on New Year's Eve, and begins with dinner -- significant as the last meal of the old year -- at which a special dish, gronlangkaal is served. This is made of green cabbage and boiled pork. Later they serve coffee and aebleskiver -- a round, spongy pastry baked in special pans, the dough being made of buttermilk, flour and eggs, and served with jelly and sugar. At midnight they go out into the street and shoot off fireworks. Many of the more serious-minded go to church about a quarter of an hour before midnight and attend the special service known as "Vaage" (literally: awake), which lasts all night.

"Hellig Tre Konger", which means the Three Holy Kings, occurs on the 4th or 5th of January. They celebrate in the evening by lighting the Christmas tree for the last time. In Sweden, however, this is a more important holiday and the celebration lasts through the day as well as the evening.

"Fastelavn" is the first day of the "fasting period", or Lent, and comes on a Monday. The children are provided with

Fastelavn ris, or wreaths. These are made of twigs twisted into the shape of a capital Y, or sometimes they resemble a tennis racket without strings. These are bound with brightly colored paper and artificial flowers. Early in the morning of Fastelavn, the children, carrying the Fastelavn ris and wearing masks, go into the houses and wake up the older people by banging the ris on the bed and shouting, "Get up! Get up!" The older people usually give them small coins. This is a day when boller is served the whole day long -- a great day for the Danish bakers. There are about thirty varieties of boller, which are round, sweet buns filled with custard, sugar, nuts, raisins, preserved fruits, etc. There is also a smaller, cheaper variety filled with currants. After the children have awakened the town, they invade the bake-shops where they are presented with boller. On this day breakfast consists of coffee and boller; for dinner, the first dish is boller in hot milk, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, and the second dish is hard-boiled eggs with mustard sauce. Boller is served with afternoon coffee and again in the evening. Boller is eaten by Danes everywhere in America. All Danish bakeries, great or small, have them on sale on Fastelavn.

"Marie Bebudelsesdag" is essentially a religious holiday and celebrates the day the angel appeared to Mary to tell her that she would give birth to the Christ. It occurs the week before Palm Sunday.

Holy Week is very thoroughly celebrated in Denmark.

"Skaers Torsdag" is the day before Good Friday. The translation of skaers was somewhat vague: fine, elegant; literally: cut, perhaps in the sense that a jewel is cut. But none of these definitions give any clue to the significance of the day. There is no celebration outside of the church. Good Friday is known picturesquely as "Lang Fredag", or Long Friday. Both days are full holidays. Saturdays are as usual. Then comes "Paaske", which is known as First Easter Day. It is a very sacred day. Theatres, concert halls, all places of amusement are closed. The children have their painted Easter eggs as in America, but instead of Easter rabbits there are Easter lambs. "Anden Paaske" is the next day -- Second Easter Day. Everyone is gay and relaxed; it is a day for general amusement.

"Almindelig Bededag", or Great Prayer Day, comes on the fourth Friday after Easter. The origin of this day is not clear to me. It seems that about three hundred years ago there was a war, or some other national catastrophe, and ever since the Danes have gone to church for special prayers on this day. In the evening they visit each other, drink coffee and eat varme hveder, a sort of sweet biscuit, somewhat like zweibach.

"Himmelfartsdag", or Ascension Day, the Thursday after the fifth Sunday after Easter, is celebrated only in the churches.

"Pinsedag" is Whitsunday, six weeks after Easter, and the celebration continues through Monday, which day is known as "Annen Pinsedag", or Second Pinsedag. On Pinsedag everyone gets up very early in the morning and goes out to the seaside, if possible, to see the sunrise. Excursion boats are always

crowded. After the sun has risen, everyone goes home or to restaurants to drink coffee.

"Grundlovsdag" is June 25th -- Constitution Day, a half-holiday. It corresponds to the American 4th of July.

On Midsummer's Eve, the 23rd of June, the Danes start bonfires on the hilltops to frighten away ghosts and evil spirits. Some towns also celebrate with regattas during the day.

"Mikkelsaften" -- literally: Michael's Evening -- or Michaelmas, comes in October or November. This is an old Catholic holiday which survived the Reformation in Denmark. It is celebrated in the evening by drinking coffee and eating kringle, a twisted pastry sprinkled with aniseed, which, incidentally, is a sort of coat-of-arms of the Danish bakers and hangs, gilded, over their shops.

"Mortensdag" -- Martin's Day -- falls on November 11, but the celebration occurs on "Mortensaften", the night before. Most Danes think that this day is celebrated in honor of Martin Luther, who was born on November 11. As a matter of fact, Luther was named Martin because he was born on Mortensdag. This is another old Catholic holiday and refers to St. Martin of Tours, an early saint, who was a soldier, a priest, and finally bishop of a monastery at Tours. This day is always celebrated by eating boiled rice, fried goose or sometimes duck, and red

cabbage; those who cannot afford goose eat pork. The killing of the goose dates back to heathen times, when it was believed that the goose embodied an evil spirit. Mortensdag is a sort of dress rehearsal for Christmas, and in this respect resembles the American Thanksgiving.

Christmas is the favorite Danish holiday and is made much of by Danes no matter in what country they live. The principal celebration occurs on Christmas Eve. Stores close at five; church services begin at six. Then comes the Christmas dinner of boiled rice, fried goose and red cabbage, and for dessert, apple cake with whipped cream. After dinner they light the Christmas tree and distribute the presents. The children join hands and dance around the tree, singing Christmas songs. If there are many children, three or four rings of them circle the tree, moving in opposite directions. Everyone stays up very late on this night.

"Juledag" is First Christmas Day. Church services are held in the morning and afternoon. It is a more or less dignified day, given over to paying visits and drinking coffee. But on the next day, "Anen Juledag" -- Second Christmas Day" -- everyone is gay and lighthearted; places of amusement open again, and there is New Year's to look forward to.

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We live in a day of terrifying change. Before us and around us the
visible world

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The "Hard Bitter" Magazine

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SURVEY OF NATIONAL MINORITIES IN CALIFORNIA

FOREIGN BORN DANES IN SONOMA COUNTY, OTHER THAN PETALUMA:

The Danes have settled widely in Sonoma County but nowhere have they congregated in such numbers as in Petaluma. However, they have gone quite extensively into the orchard business and this seems a little strange as there are few orchards in Denmark.

Take the case of George Iverson, who was born in Denmark in 1872, January 12, in the town of Ringkjobing on the North Sea. He was educated in the excellent public schools of his native land, but as soon as he was of age determined to seek wider fields, so in 1893 he came to the United States. Arriving at the port of New York he immediately went to Iowa where he spent one year and a half working on a farm. Next we find him in San Francisco where he worked at various kinds of labor for two years but the soil called him and in 1898 he came to Sonoma County and farmed rented land for six years, carefully saving his money to buy a place of his own. This he did in 1904 when he purchased 34 acres of land in the Rainsville District. Fifteen acres he planted in apples, pears and cherries and he has built a very comfortable and attractive home. He also engages in the poultry business on the side and has made this business pay as well as the orchard. The hens carried me along, he says, while the fruit was getting underway.

In 1897 he married Miss Hansina M. Holm of Schleswig, Germany but of Danish parentage. Schleswig had once belonged to Denmark and mostly Danes dwell there. By her he had three children. She died in 1905, and in 1909 he again married, this time to a Danish girl, Miss Johanne Eliassen. Mr. Iverson is a Democrat and a member of the Danish Brotherhood which is a statewide fraternal order maintaining a lodge at Petaluma as we have seen.

Iverson talks interestingly of the home life in old Denmark and especially of the old folk tales. The werewolf was an actuality to his boyish mind as well as the three legged horse -- he was the hell-horse -- and on stormy nights he prowled about on his three legs and heaven protect the youngster who was late getting home. Then there was the man with the head under his arm. He was wont to stay in old houses and Mr. Iverson relates how he seemed to love particularly one old mansion on the outskirts of town where the boys sometimes camped when out fishing. "You could hear him walk in the summer night up and down, up and down the hall, and we boys lay and shivered in bed for fear he would come to our door and knock."

Then he tells of the New Year celebrations. It was ushered in quite as noisely in Denmark as in this country, but in a different way. "We did not blow the New Year in, we smashed it in. When it was dark on New Year's eve we stole out with all the cracked and damaged pottery of the year that had been hoarded for the purpose, and hying ourselves to some favorite neighbor's door, broke our pots against it. Then we ran, but not very far nor very fast, for it was part of the game that if one were caught he was to be taken in and treated to hot doughnuts." The smashing was a mark of favor and the person who had the most pots broken against his door was the most popular man in town.

And speaking of doughnuts: They seemed to be a favorite item on the diet. In Christmas after the roast duck and other goodies of the season, doughnuts always topped the meal, and considering the number that were eaten, one would think the meal had just begun instead of ended.

Many of the Danes succeeded as merchants. The life of Alfred E. Poulsen of Santa Rosa is an illustrious example. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1867. After finishing public schools he bid his folks

Iverson lived in the house in old

and especially of the old folk there. He was well known in the community to

his loyal mind as well as the three horses -- he was the best horse --

and on stormy nights he would sit out on his three horses and listen to the

the younger who was late coming home. Then there was the old with the

hand under his arm. He was wont to stay in old houses and in the

relation and he seemed to love particularly one of the houses in the village

of town where the house was built on a hill. It was a very old house

and well in the summer night of the town, and the old man, who was

lay and shivered in the night, for he would come to the door and look

Then he tells of the new year celebrations. It was a very old

quite as notably in January as in this country, and in a different way.

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and the old man, who was well in the town, and the old man, who was

popular man in town.

in the kind of company: how often to be a favorite

on the list. In Christmas after the first of the other houses of the

season, and the old man, who was well in the town, and the old man, who was

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and the old man, who was well in the town, and the old man, who was

goodbye and started for America. He was only fifteen then but the conquering spirit of the old Jutes was in his blood. He worked his way across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel and arrived at the Port of New York with but a dollar in his pocket. First he went to the lumber camps of Wisconsin where many Danes were employed. This was hard work for a boy and the pay was small but he spent his spare time picking up a command of English and studying American customs. He worked in the summers on farms and in the winters in the lumber. He then got work clerking in a store at the pay of \$50.00 a year but he had determined to become a merchant and was willing to undergo any sacrifice to learn the business. The old skinflint for whom he worked even charged him for the lead pencils used in keeping his accounts. After a couple of years here he next went to Manchester, Michigan, where he went to work clerking in a postoffice. He worked hard and soon became the assistant to the Post Master. In 1888 after becoming of age he took the examination for railway mail clerk and was given a run on the fast mail. He remained six years in the government employ, saving his money in the meantime against the time he could again enter the merchandising business. At the end of that time he had managed to save \$490.00. With this he went to New York and got a mail order house to back him with a stock of goods. He went to the small town of Kendalville in northeastern Indiana and opened his first store. With an eye to advertising he got a lot of empty boxes and arranged them neatly on his shelves and then displayed his merchandise in the corners where they would show up best giving the appearance of a very much larger stock than he carried. His wife was his very able assistant, for he had married by this time and they both worked hard, putting their money back into the business, and they made a success of the enterprise. But he was looking for larger fields, and after a year sold out and moved to the larger town of Lagrange, in the same county in Indiana,

and here he established the largest general store in the county, occupying three stories. He remained here for five years, making a great success of the business. He then moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, where he opened a still larger store, and here he stayed for ten years. In 1909 he came out to the Coast for the first time to attend the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition in Seattle. He was so impressed with the country that he made a tour of all the Pacific coast cities to find the location which pleased him most, and at last decided on Portland, Oregon. He went back to Battle Creek and sold out his store, and moved his family to Portland. Here he changed his vocation and opened up a real estate business. Showing the same business acumen and industry here as elsewhere, he made a success of his efforts, but he could not stay long out of the merchandizing business, and in 1916 he bought out the store of A. T. Sutherland in Santa Rosa and started his first department store, one of the largest in the county. And he admits owing much of his success to his wife who was Sarah A. Gallagher, a descendant of an old New England family with a lot of Yankee thrift and enterprise. She had taught school before marrying Poulsen in Michigan. He married her in 1888 and they have three children, one daughter who is married and two sons who are associated with their father in the store business. Poulsen is a Republican and a high Mason.

His life well illustrates what many Danes have done in this county through thrift and industry. They have succeeded where many Americans with better advantages have failed because they have been willing to work and to save.

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FOREIGN BORN DANES IN PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY.

Nowhere in Sonoma County have the Danes exerted so important an influence on community life than in Petaluma. According to the U. S. census of 1930 there were 629 foreign born Danes in the County and most of these are to be found in Petaluma and its environs. Here the Danish Society, known as Dania, is an active social and fraternal organization and numbers about four hundred members. They have a hall in the City of Petaluma known as Dania Hall and here Dania No. 10 meets every Monday night at 8 o'clock. The organization is both fraternal and social and the meetings are enthusiastically attended. Here the old country dances are perpetuated and the old country songs are sung. For, though the Danes are all loyal Americans they have an intense love for the old country.

There are over three hundred Danes of foreign birth in and around Petaluma and many of the representative citizens of the city are of that race. For instance there is Dr. H. L. Lorentzen one of the leaders of the profession in Sonoma County. He was born near Copenhagen, Denmark, on April 28, 1865, and educated in the public schools of his native land. He first landed in America in 1884 at the port of New York but here the wanderlust got him again and we find him next in Australia and New Zealand where he spent ten years doing odd jobs, mostly connected with shipping for like his countrymen he had a great love for the ocean. In 1893 he returned to the United States, coming this time to San Francisco; here at last to begin his

FOREIGN BORN DANES IN PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY

preparation for his life work. In 1900 he was graduated from the Hahnemann Medical School. Two years later he completed the course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but before graduating the strong love for the water lured him away again and he took the position of ship surgeon on the Japanese steamship, Nippon Maru, and spent a year voyaging with this boat. Coming back to San Francisco he opened an office and practiced his profession from 1902 to 1906 leaving there at the time of the fire and earthquake. He then came to Petaluma and has resided here ever since, engaged in the general practice but specializing on electro-therapeutics and his office in Petaluma is equipped with every modern appliance for treatments of this character.

He took a post graduate course in Europe in 1903 and has done all he could to equip himself to successfully practice his profession, and as a result he is now regarded as one of the most successful doctors in the county. In the small village where he was born on the Island of Zealand, many of the old mediaeval customs prevailed when he was a boy and some of them persist to this day. The night watchman is one of these as in the villages of Germany, and as there one of his duties is to call off the hours of the night. Dr. Lorentzen says that the people went to bed early in those days and the watchman raised his voice at eight o'clock. He sang his song from that time until four in the morning, every hour a new verse, supposed to

FOREIGN BORN DANES IN PETALOMA, SONOMA COUNTY

Have special reference to the time of night. In these chants he commingled a religious strain with everyday homely advice. At ten o'clock he reminded the laggard that it was time to turn in, thus:

"Ho, Watchman! heard ye the clock stricke ten?

This hour is worth the knowing.

Ye households, high and low,

The time is here and going,

When ye to bed should go,

Ask God to guard and say "amen",

Be quick and bright

Watch fire and light

Our clock has just struck ten."

At one o'clock he sang:

"Ho, Watchman! Our clock is triking one,

Oh, Jesus, wise and holy,

Help us our cross to bear."

All the young folk of Denmark, especially rural Denmark, believe in the "Jule-nissen" or the Christmas Elf, relates Dr. Laruentzen. The "Jule-nissen" was a little bent old man dressed in gray who was supposed to dwell in the attic and every Christmas Eve the children never sat down to their finner until a bowl of rice and milk had been taken up to the attic for the elf. Next morning the bowl would be licked clean so no doubt the house cat was on friendly terms with the little man, smiled the good doctor.

FOREIGN BORN DANES IN PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY.

Another Danish custom was to put out a sheaf of rye for the lowly sparrow on Christmas Eve, for ^{though} this bird was just as much of a pest as in other lands, all must be dealt kindly with with on that occasion.

"And that reminds me," added the doctor, "of the fine potroasts that sparrows make. Like the proverbial Mother Goose Rhyme, it took for and twenty birds to make a pie, but it was most excellent and it served as a good way to eliminate the sparrow."

And then I asked the doctor to tell me about the way Christmas was observed in his fatherland. And his story was most interesting. They begin the celebration on the eve before the regular Christmas eve and this is called the little Christmas Eve and the festivities continue for a whole fortnight. Real Christmas was from Little Christmas Eve until New Years Day and then there was a week of supplementary festivities before things slipped back to normal. The parties and balls were held then. The great ball of the year was on the day after Christmas; second Christmas Day it was called. It was held in the club house and all the celebrities of the town presided. But to get back to Christmas. In his town, said the doctor, there was a grim old tower over centuries old and blowing in the Yule from this grim old tower is one of the customs that live even to this day. At sunrise the town musicians climbed the many steep ladders leading to the top and there, no matter what the weather, stormy or fair, and it was apt to be stormy at that season, they played four old hymns - one for each corner of the compass, so that every one

FOREIGN BORN DAVES IN PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY.

was remembered. They laways began with Luther's age old challenge - "A mighty Fortress to our Lord", while down below the people listened devoutly. And as this solemn music floated on the frosty air it lent a weird, mystical effect to the occasion. The solemn beauty of the scene was never to be forgotten.

On March 31, 1899, the doctor was married to Miss Louise Tuggey, a native of London, England, and three daughters have been bom to them, now all grown and married. He belongs to the Dania Society and takes a keen interest in the welfare of his countrymen. He is an independent in politics, inclined to be liberal.

Quite different from the life of Dr. Laurentzen has been that of Alfred Petersen who was born in Denmark on February 22, 1894. He was reared and educated in the village of Sondervig on the North Sea and spent his youth in the fishing business. He came to the United States in 1914 when twenty years old and settled at once in Petaluma, where he started as day laborer and then farmed rented land until 1921, all the while picking up the details of the poultry business. In 1921 he bought five acres of land on Mountain view Avenue on which he has made fine improvements and runs about 3,000 hens a year. He also is a member of Dania and has become a respected well to do citizen of the Danish settlement.

FOREIGN BORN DANES IN PETALUMA, SONOMA COUNTY.

Most of the Danes were great wanderers and they tried many parts of the United States before coming to Petaluma. There is Thomas P. Thompson for instance. He was born in Denmark on October 27, 1875, also near Copenhagen. After finishing the public schools of his native land he became a blacksmith at which business he worked until 1900 in Denmark and then emigrated to the United States. He settled first in Minnesota, where he stayed for six months; then he moved successively to Iowa, Nebraska and Oregon, reaching the latter state in 1907. In all of these places he followed his vocation until 1921, when he came to Petaluma and bought five acres of land on Mountain view Avenue where he has since engaged in the poultry business, making a fine success of it and averaging three thousand laying hens a year.

In 1912 he was married to Miss Nana Ericksen, also a native of Denmark and they have two children, Esther and Henry. He also is a member of Dania and independent politically.

Unlike the Germans who were mostly Republican, the Danes are mostly liberal in politics and many of them are socialists. As a people they are very democratic and honest and are industrious and frugal. They are mostly members of the Lutheran Church and are a very active part of the life of Petaluma.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION:

Interviews with: Dr. Laurentzen, Alfred Petersen, Fred Larsen,
Thomas P. Thompson, S. P. Nielsen, C. W. Petersen,
Thomas Olsen and Einar Pedersen.

THE DANES

The Danes were among the early pioneers to come to this State, their arrival here dating back to 1837 when Peter Storm was the first Dane to settle permanently in California.

Later came many others among them Peter Lassen, blacksmith, cattleman and lumberman, who built the first sawmill in California, and after whom Mt. Lassen is named. Another was Leidesdorff, who was American Vice Consul at Yerba Buena under the Spanish regime, and who later became the first City Treasurer of San Francisco. The city remembers Leidesdorff by the street named after him.

It was a Dane, Captain Buhne, who discovered Humboldt bay in 1849 and who is called "the father of Humboldt county." Many Danish names appear in the chronicles of the gold-rush days and of the early fifties. Prominent among these was the name of Charles Nelson, founder of the Nelson Steamship Company.

Nelson, acquired large lumber holdings, and established sawmills in Alameda county, Humboldt county, and up and down the entire Coast. Beside this, he was a fisherman, and together with several other, most of whom were Danes, organized the Alaska Packers' Company.

San Francisco's Danish colony is grouped about upper Market Street--Valencia, Gough, Church Sts. Here, on Church St. is the Danish church, Ansgar, which looks for all the world as if it had been brought over intact for Copenhagen. Here, along upper Market Street, are the little Danish cafes, where one may order Skeldpadde, fiskeboller and the strange blood-builders of the Danes.

One of San Francisco's best known Danish citizens was the late Carl Larsen, who owned the old Tivoli Cafe. Larsen came here as a penniless immigrant in 1869. He had his trade, however. He was a carpenter, and he soon found work in Berkeley, where he worked on some of the early buildings of the University of California.

A few years later he acquired the Tivoli Cafe, which he owned for fifty years. When he died in 1928, Larsen was a very rich man. He left two legacies to the city, in the form of Park sites. One, at Nineteenth and Ulloa (which is known as Larsen Park) has now been completed as a playground.

Another Larsen is Niels Larsen, who built the Ferry building.

Most of the Danes in San Francisco work, either literally or figuratively, with their hands. They are builders, contractors, carpenters, painters, artisans. It is usually enough for a carpenter or painter to say that he is a Dane--employers know that an apprenticeship served in Denmark has been a long and thorough one.

"Bien" (The Bee), the oldest and today the only Norwegian-Danish newspaper in San Francisco, It was founded by Sophus Hartwick, who came to San Francisco in 1882.

Hartwick has won for himself a very prominent place in Danish affairs in California, and it was he who took charge of the campaign for the Danish building at the Panama-Pacific fair. He has now retired from active editorship of the Danish paper, and is gathering together material for a book on the history of the Danish colony in San Francisco.

Lee Scott

December 14, 1936

STATE-WIDE SURVEY OF MINORITY GROUPS IN CALIFORNIA

S. D. Fredericksen was born in Jutland in the peninsula of Denmark in 1893. He came to the United States in the year of 1911. In Denmark he helped his father on the farm.

After coming to the United States he worked on a farm in Wisconsin up to 1912, then went to Erie, Pennsylvania and was employed in an iron works. He went back to Wisconsin in the Spring of 1913 and worked on farms for six months before going to South Dakota. In Dakota he worked at farming work and carpentering for one and one-half years. He next went to Oregon to homestead and worked in logging camps, at which occupation he spent three years.

He next went to Detroit, Michigan to work in an automobile factory spending three years at this occupation.

In 1922 he went back to Denmark where he stayed for four and one-half years and engaged in running a bicycle repair shop. He returned to the United States in 1927 and worked one and one-half years in an automobile and tractor manufacturing plant.

Next he went back to Oregon where he operated a service station and garage for four and one-half years.

He came to California in 1935 and worked in Redwood Lumber Mills on the Klamath River for one and one-half years, then to Stockton where he is now employed at the Farmers Implement Exchange on Sharps Lane.

The only Danish notable Mr. Fredericksen could recall was Hans Christian Anderson, the writer of practically all the fairy tales

He came to the United States in the year of 1911.

After coming to the United States he worked on a farm in the
state of Ohio, then went to Erie, Pennsylvania and was engaged
in an iron works. He went back to the state of Ohio in the Spring of 1913
and worked on farms for six months before going to South Dakota.

In Dakota he worked at farming work and engaged in the same
occupation. He next went to Oregon to harvest and worked in
logging camps, at which occupation he spent three years.

He next went to Detroit, Michigan to work in an automobile
factory spending three years at this occupation.

In 1918 he went back to Denmark where he stayed for four and
one-half years and engaged in running a bicycle repair shop.
He returned to the United States in 1922 and worked one and one-half
years in an automobile and motor manufacturing plant.

Next he went back to Oregon where he operated a service station

and worked for two and one-half years.
He was employed in 1925 and 1926 in the same capacity.

He then went to the Elgin River for one and one-half years, then to a station
where he is now employed at the Elgin River. He has been employed at Elgin River for

the past three years. He has been employed at Elgin River for three years.
He has been employed at Elgin River for three years.

well known.

A well known Danish Sculptor is Thorvaldsen.

The Danish National Anthem is "Kong Dristian Stad Vid Hojen Mast."

There are no local Danish organizations or newspapers in San Joaquin County.

The principal occupation in Denmark is farming. The land in Denmark is practically all agricultural.

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